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THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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CONTRIBUTORS

Father Francis J. Marien (California Province) is a student of philosophy in the Graduate School at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

Father William Repetti (Maryland Province) is Director of the Archives at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

Father J. Harding Fisher (New York Province) is Spiritual Father at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.

Father William A. Donaghy (New England Province) is the Father Superior at Campion Hall, North Andover, Mass.

Mr. Francis P. Dinneen (Maryland Province) is in first year theology at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.

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Note to Contributors

It would be well when submitting contributions to the WOODSTOCK LETTERS to observe the following: type *triple* space, leaving a one-inch margin on either side of the page, i.e., approximately sixty spaces to a line. This will aid greatly in determining ahead of time the length of articles submitted to us, and leaves sufficient room for the insertion of printing directions. Subheadings should also be used, at least one to every other page, in articles and Historical Notes. Pictures, fairly large and clear, should accompany obituaries and other articles, as far as possible; these will, of course, be returned to the contributor.

* * *

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GONZAGA RETREAT HOUSE

The Miracle at Monroe[1]

The philosopher and theologian will have to wait till Judgment Day to declare definitively if Gonzaga Retreat House merits the title "miracle" *late* or *stricte dictum.* In the interim its story should be told, for the story of Gonzaga is the story of faith and sacrifice uncommon in our times. In a word, it is the story of a retreat house, the first retreat house for youth in America, constructed largely by youths themselves and wholly by volunteers.

Though the major work was finished after thirteen months of labor in time to have eight retreats in the five weeks before the formal dedication on June 7, 1952, the story itself dates back before the war. It stems back to Mount Manresa and Loyola at Morristown, back even to Manresa-on-Severn where Father Raymond J. H. Kennedy in the late 1930's was conducting occasional retreats for high school seniors of the Baltimore-Washington area. After a short time there he was transferred to Loyola Retreat House in Morristown and he brought his hobby with him. It was then that his boys' retreats took on a pre-induction cast, for with Pearl Harbor and the war every high school senior automatically became a pre-inductee, and pre-induction retreats became a crying need of the day.

Of Boys and Retreats

Most of the retreatants came from Jesuit schools, entire classes from the senior year, usually broken up into groups of thirty-five or so. Some few non-Jesuit schools managed to get in, but most of them had to be turned away, for Father Kennedy was likewise giving men's retreats and the houses were geared primarily for the older retreatants. It was the same story when he was transferred to Staten Island with the status of 1942. There the superior, Father Thomas H. Moore, who eyed the work sympathetically, gave Father Kennedy free rein to corral all the boys he could. Retreats were held for them in midweeks, and once, at least, in October, 1943 a pre-induction retreat was held concurrently with a weekend men's retreat for a group of public high school boys.

All through the war and after it these boys' retreats con-

tinued, Father Kennedy conducting all but one or two of them until the Feast of Christ the King in 1949 when he suffered a heart attack during his 399th retreat.

It might have been the end of a tremendous job well done had he not been dreaming since 1944 of a retreat house just for youth and, had the good Lord in His providence not provided against this very day.

Either it was all pure chance or all part of the miracle that a Scholastic, John W. Magan, who up to now had rather scorned the idea of boys' retreats, and was teaching at the Crown Heights School of Catholic Workmen in Brooklyn, New York, had a few free days toward the end of April in 1942. The seniors from Brooklyn Prep School were scheduled to make their retreat at Morristown, and a Scholastic prefect was needed. No other could be obtained, so Mr. Magan was sent. The effects of the retreat on the boys who were making it began to become apparent to him, and, while he was sitting in the bus waiting to go home, the thought occurred to him, "If a retreat can do so much to our boys, what could it do for boys in public schools?"

It was the first Friday in May of 1942. It was this thought that was ultimately responsible for the opening of Gonzaga just a few days short of ten years from that date.

A few weeks after that Brooklyn Prep retreat Mr. Magan visited Father Kennedy who by this time had been transferred to Staten Island, and asked him about the possibility of a public high school retreat. "You get the boys and I'll conduct the retreat," was Father Kennedy's reply, and a date was set for the following Easter Monday, almost a year away. It seemed so simple—to get twenty-five high school boys, the minimum number needed—to make a closed retreat. Yet after almost a year of work there was not even one. Pastors and curates had been contacted and the only results to show were a pair of thinly worn shoes and a ringing in the ear constantly echoing, "Boy, you don't know what you're doing. Why, when we first had released time instruction in this parish two hundred kids showed up out of a possible four hundred and of the two hundred present fifty percent hadn't been to Mass in four years." Yet it never seemed to dawn on the priests concerned that the retreat was the answer to their

problem and that a little cooperation might spell the end of their defeat. No one so much as offered the name of a possible student contact, and no one had yet signed up for the retreat now two weeks away.

On Passion Sunday morning, feeling pretty low, Mr. Magan made his way to the Brooklyn Carmelite convent there to ask prayers that he get his twenty-five retreatants. The nuns promised to pray, and with that he went to Mount Vernon, New York, to visit a Protestant friend who promptly gave him the names and addresses of eight fourth-year public high school boys who were about to go into service, two of them before Easter. These two, Charles Broussard and William Manley, signed up for a men's retreat over the following week-end and two others of the eight signed up for the Easter Monday retreat.

Contacting a public high school teacher in Brooklyn on the same Sunday evening, he was invited to Manual Training High School on the following day. There the assistant principal introduced him to another teacher who forthwith gave him a list of one hundred names and addresses of the senior boys who were thought to be Catholics. In only one case of the hundred did she make a mistake and that one happened to be a very devout High Episcopalian. It was a very different story he had previously obtained from another high school principal—supposedly a fervent Catholic—who advised him, "If you were to ask me and if I were to look most carefully, I might be able to tell you if the boys were white or black, but I have no way of knowing if they be Catholic, Protestant, or Jew." The Manual Training teacher who proved so cooperative upon hearing of this other, succinctly remarked, "I can't tell you if the boys are Catholics either. But I know which ones went to St. Augustine's grammar school and which ones have Italian names." Armed with the list she had given him, Mr. Magan spent his free time in the remaining two weeks climbing the rickety stairs of the tenements in South Brooklyn and knocking on doors of families too poor to have bells. It added up to twenty-seven prospects by Holy Saturday night and twenty-six retreatants on Monday afternoon, the one defection being the brother of a seminarian who talked him out of it by conveying the im-

pression that a retreat meant going into one's shell instead of emerging from it.

Because of the success of this first effort, another retreat for public school pre-inductees was organized for October of the same year and dozens of other boys were rounded up to fill in the gaps of more conventionally organized groups.

Remote Plans for Gonzaga

By the time June and theology came around, Mr. Magan's interest in boys' retreats had overshadowed his initial enthusiasm for sociology and labor schools and, with the approval of Father Provincial, he planned to devote any free time he might have at Woodstock to the study of the Exercises and the problems of young men. With this idea in mind, he visited Father Kennedy on the Sunday before he left for theology. On the way to see him the thought of a boys' retreat house entered his mind. No sooner had he reached Manhattanville College where the meeting was to take place than Father Kennedy suggested to him, "Someday we're going to have a boys' retreat house, and we're going to call it Manresa-Gonzaga." Only God knows which of the two had first thought of the idea. In any case both men were only dreaming.

But Father Kennedy was in a more practical position to dream than was a first-year theologian. So practical was his vantage point that within a few years time boys to whom he had given closed retreats and who were now in uniform, sent him of their service pay an aggregate of ten thousand dollars in five and ten dollar bills. At last the boys' retreat house was getting a foot to stand on.

Plans were to build a house on Staten Island on the property next to Mount Manresa, and five acres of property were actually purchased for this end. Manresa itself was to cede to Manresa-Gonzaga five acres of its own property, thus giving in all a sizeable site for a retreat house.

But apparently God in His goodness did not want the house built there, at least not the first boys' retreat house, for just at this time he called to himself a prominent Catholic layman who had promised to contribute fifty thousand dollars and to induce five other men to make a like contribution.

With that kind of money the house could have been built and an architect friend of Father Kennedy had actually drawn up plans. But the untimely death of the prospective donor caused the whole thing to collapse and the boys' retreat house fund remained ten thousand dollars, being added to now and then by a dollar or two in change.

Four years passed by in the meantime and Father Magan was now ordained. Father Kennedy, whose retreat-giving pace had quickened every year, was showing signs of weakening and on at least three occasions was forced to take a rest, twice in a hospital. A small portion of his retreat schedule fell to Father Magan, but the bulk of it was assigned to Father Justin McCarthy, when Father Kennedy's physician ordered a total rest.

In the meantime Father Kennedy had been residing at Xavier, where Father Magan was likewise stationed, assigned to giving occasional retreats and promoting Brothers' vocations. With the June status of 1950, Father Kennedy went to LeMoyne and, as a farewell word to his protégé, advised him, "It's up to you to build that boys' retreat house."

Never had a more hopeless assignment been given, for in addition to having a status of his own, Father Magan's sole contacts were the boys of South Brooklyn whom he had organized for retreats several years before and other more or less underprivileged young men whom he had met in the interim. Nor had he any knowledge of building. But God can make up for human deficiencies and this time He did it with a vengeance.

Monroe

Father Provincial needed a secretary for the Summer of 1950, his regular amanuensis being scheduled to make a Holy Year pilgrimage. He called Father Magan to Kohlmann Hall and there the opportunity came.

One morning's mail brought an advertising brochure offering for sale the New York Military Academy at Cornwall. It was only a shot in the dark, but as he gave it to Father Provincial, the temporary secretary remarked, "I could think of a good use for this place. It would make a fine boys' retreat house." The Provincial was not impressed and replied,

"We're buying no more property until we find a use for Monroe." That ended the discussion but started a new train of thought. And as Father Magan made his retreat at Woodstock prior to taking his final vows on August 15, 1950, the dominant thought of eight days' meditation was Monroe, Monroe, Monroe. He had not seen the place since his juniorate villa in 1939, but vague recollections of the past seemed to say that Monroe could become a retreat house.

After the Mass of his vows on the feast of the Assumption, Father Magan, accompanied by his father and a friend, drove down to the old Seven Springs Mountain House to see if his retreat ideas had been a light or a distraction.

The structure, a building of Civil War vintage, once a famous summer hotel which had housed such notables as General Grant, Oscar Wilde, Sarah Bernhardt, and Edwin Booth, and which gave George M. Cohan his locale when rewriting Earl Derr Biggers' *Seven Keys to Baldpate* had been obtained for the Society in the early nineteen hundreds by Father William J. Walsh, who at the time was pastor of Our Lady of Loretto parish on the lower east side in New York. To it for several years he brought his Italian boys, about two hundred strong, for their summer vacation. In the beginning he used the building in its primitive state, though he transformed the old carriage stable into a beautiful mountain chapel. On the fourth of July in 1913 a fire of unknown origin swept the entire place, virtually nothing being saved but the lives of the boys, the chapel, and the exterior walls of the house.

With the ingenuity manifested in all his building projects (he likewise had charge of the construction of Saint Andrew-on-Hudson and the Seven Springs Sanatorium), Father Walsh turned a mass of rock and burnt mortar into a castle-like structure, ideal for a retreat house.

That was the building which Father Magan found on August 15, 1950. On September 8 he again visited the place, this time in the company of his father and Father William T. Wood who, as a classmate with some knowledge of boys' retreats, he felt would be able to disillusion him if, in his interest in getting a retreat house started, he was seeing too much in the possibilities at Monroe.

Gonzaga Retreat House and the Chapel of the Boy Jesus

With Father Wood's encouragement then, he wrote Father Provincial on that same day suggesting the possibility of using the Seven Springs Mountain House for boys' retreats. The structure was now rapidly disintegrating since for nearly thirty years it had not been kept in repair and had been used in its rather primitive state for nothing but a juniorate villa for three weeks every summer.

Father McMahon promptly acquiesced to Father Magan's request for permission to bring a committee of the student counsellors of the Metropolitan Area up to Monroe to inspect the house with a view to determining its suitability as a boys' retreat house. And on Sunday, October 13, 1950, Father Anthony LaBau (Fordham Prep), Father Thomas Burke (Regis), Father Paul Guterl (Loyola School), Father Jerome Kleber (Brooklyn Prep), and Father Gerard Knoepfel (Xavier) in the company of Father Magan made the proposed inspection.

It was all part of the miracle or pure chance, if you prefer, that Father Magan was once more back in Father Provincial's office at the very time of this visit. Thus he was not only able to type up the list of proposed alterations in Father Provincial's presence and mimeograph them all right next to his office, but, much more importantly, was in a position to answer all questions in his mind, each one as it came.

More than that, he was there on the spot the day after the visit and at Father Provincial's request was able to get in writing the opinions of the committee for presentation to the province consultation on the following day and, when the consultors approved the scheme, to put it in form for Father General and Cardinal Spellman.

Call that fate if you will, but whatever it was, the Lord never worked more deftly in bringing about the arrangements of His Providence, for now, when this phase of the work was done, Father Magan's latest term as Father Provincial's secretary once again expired.

On the feast of St. Stanislaus, 1950 Father McMahon informed Father Magan that Father General had approved of his scheme and a month later wrote to him of the Cardinal's blessing on the work, adding the line, "I have written to Father Hughes (rector of Saint Andrew) and Father Tuite

(superior at the Monroe Sanatorium) telling them that you are in charge."

Of Plans and Planners

At this point the project should have collapsed, for Father Magan had not ambitioned the assignment for himself. He had never driven a nail correctly in his life and on principle, all through his course in the Society, had deliberately avoided mingling in any work which might have had any mechanical implications, secretly scorning his fellow Scholastics who were adept with hammer or saw. But the Lord had His own way of providing. It came in the chance meeting late one night of Father Magan and an unknown Xavier High School freshman.

The lad, still in his military uniform, was lolling around the porter's lodge at nine o'clock in the evening. Father Magan chanced to stop in at the time and, surprised at seeing the boy, exchanged a word with him. One thing led to another and, before the brief conversation was over, the boy had mentioned that his scoutmaster was a marvelous craftsman with wood. It gave Father Magan a light and when he left the boy, he phoned the scoutmaster, Richard H. Neubeck, and asked him to pay him a visit.

Dick Neubeck, a young lad of twenty-three, was at Xavier the next day and Father Magan, still very naive in the ways of construction, asked him to make a few wooden lighting fixtures. His thoughts centered more on decoration than on the real reconstruction of the house. It would have been a trivial job for one who was a craftsman with wood, but Neubeck did not jump on the band wagon as quickly as Father Magan hoped. "Let me see the place," was his laconic reply, "and then I'll give you my answer."

The following Saturday morning, in the company of Mr. Denis Comey, a contractor from Orange, New Jersey, and Mr. Charles Stumpp, an architect from Perth Amboy, the pair visited Monroe. The two professionals had offered themselves for the day that they might give some advice and check over the meagre plans which Father Magan had. Probably more through sympathy than anything else, Comey and Stumpp were virtually silent during most of their visit,

and made very few suggestions. They did confess however that the scheme in Father Magan's mind would run to a lot of money—probably $150,000 if the work were put out on contract.[2] But that was never in his mind. He felt from the start that the work could be done almost solely with volunteers. Messrs. Comey and Stumpp admitted that it could, were enough volunteers assembled. How many, they did not say, nor did they give the priest, now trying his hand at building for the first time in his life, any inkling of what a task he had taken upon himself—or had been assigned by superiors, depending on how you considered it.

Dick Neubeck, on the contrary suddenly became quite vocal. Ideas started sprouting in his mind and with his vivid imagination, he saw a finished house and literally thousands of boys making retreats in it. He saw besides, with the vision which goes with faith, how important the work would be were it to result in even a single soul being saved from hell. That was all that was needed and he started making plans. Before the day was over he had called the Provincial's Socius from a restaurant where he and Father Magan had gone to talk over things and, within an hour, Gonzaga was well under way.[3]

Ten thousand feet of lumber were to be cut down at the Port Kent Villa and delivered to Monroe. This was enough to start on, this and the plans which Neubeck promised to draw up.

Night after night, after spending his days purchasing ladies dresses for Montgomery Ward, he worked making plans for a boys' retreat house. When the plans were finally done and delivered to Father Provincial, together with a note of approval from Mr. Stumpp, the architect, Father Magan was called to Kohlmann Hall to give an account of things. The Provincial, his Socius, and Father Laurence J. McGinley, one of his consultors, asked a few simple questions, while the other consultor present, Father James Barnett, simply looked on in silence. Then it was his turn. For about an hour he quizzed Father Magan about the condition of the roof, the walls, and the electric wires in them. There was not a thing worth asking about, which he forgot to bring up. And somehow the answers came, though most of the questions had not entered Father Magan's mind until Father Barnett had asked

them. At one point Father McGinley lightened the tension of the cross-examination by remarking, "This reminds me of the name of Father Brosnan's book *Faith and Reason,*" pointing as he said it, first to the priest on the witness stand and then to the prosecutor. When it was all over and Father Magan was leaving the room, someone remarked to Father Barnett, "You asked him the questions and he surely gave you the answers." But to this day Father Magan does not know where most of the answers came from, unless it was from above. And someone above must have given him the answer to the biggest question of all "How much will it cost?" for when the requested cost estimate was submitted to Father Provincial, the total figure came to thirty thousand dollars, just about the sum in the Boys' Retreat House Account which had been accumulated over the years. In addition to this thirty thousand dollars there were to be three other expenditures, for a new roof, for paint, and for food for the volunteers. And though Father Magan's figure of thirty thousand dollars was, naturally speaking, largely a matter of guess work, when the financial report was submitted at the end of the building project, the total expenditures, exclusive of that spent for the three deductibles, was $29,517.29.

Volunteers All

But this was not so fantastic as the actual construction itself.

It started on Easter Monday, March 26, 1951, when Father Magan, in the company of four college boys, Robert Vogt, William Boyan, William Branigan, and Joseph Kazanchy went to Monroe to start reconstructing the house.[4]

The next day a few others came and until Saturday of Easter week nothing was done except to remove debris and to get things set up so that Neubeck might set to work.

Temporary quarters were arranged in the present director's room. Double-deck navy bunks were put up in each corner and an old table in the center of the room which was to serve for several weeks as dining room, bed room, kitchen, and recreation room of what virtually became an unofficial religious community, the personnel of which was to change from day to day.

It was a lot of fun, pioneering in this way, but it spelt self-sacrifice and plenty of it for the boys who centered around Father Magan in getting Gonzaga going. At first the days were sometimes fairly warm, but in the evenings the thermometer seldom indicated 32°, with the consequence that running water was a luxury as yet unknown, and the all-purpose living room was heated solely by the warmth of a fireplace which gave off more smoke than heat. Blankets over the windows helped keep out the cold, but they likewise kept out light and added one more inconvenience to a life that was made up of them.

Though spring was approaching, the winter had not waned and, just as Simon Flemming drove up with the ten thousand feet of green lumber from Port Kent, a snow storm of blizzard proportions made the blood freeze in the veins of the boys who unloaded it. But their hearts were warmed by the thought that, come Saturday morning, this lumber would make its way into the walls of the house.

Truth to tell, however, it was to be less simple than that. A winter storm of one day became a spring downpour the next and now, for the first time, Father Magan realized the horrible state of the building. One after the other, the rooms began to show leaks; wash basins were set to catch the water in every front room of the house and all of them overflowed. The blankets on the windows now served a new purpose, sponging up the water which dripped in through the walls and, to some extent, preventing the beds from becoming drenched.

Chins dropped as the boys began to realize how woeful conditions were. And Father Magan, whose chin was the lowest of all, was all set to call the Provincial to admit defeat at the start. But his heart had been set on getting a boys' retreat house and, though it now seemed further than ever from reality (considerable money had already been expended), he could not give up so soon.

As a last resort he summoned a weather-proofing contractor to give him an estimate. The gentleman came on the following Saturday and without so much as going into the building to see the extent of the damage, took out a tape measure and started to measure the walls. Within ten minutes he had set a price of seventy-five hundred dollars on a hit and miss job

which would not have been adequate, and which would have covered only a portion of the building.

Up to this time the big bugaboo in the entire enterprise had been the heating system. This had to be installed by experts and on a strictly business basis. The best estimate to date was twenty-three thousand dollars.[5] Add seventy-five hundred to this and the entire budget was gone, with a considerable debt remaining. The deal was unthinkable, for in addition to heating and weather-proofing, the thirty thousand dollars had to supply all the plumbing, a new water system, seventeen new rooms, including an entirely new kitchen and dining room, vast electrical changes, and furnishings for the whole house.

It seemed at last that the time of reckoning had come and with it the time for humiliations. But there had to be another try before throwing in the sponge, so Father Magan called a Mr. Charles Pavarini, a protégé of Father Walsh from the old Loretto parish days, and now a large cement contractor. Pavarini frankly admitted he knew nothing of weather-proofing, that his work was entirely different, but he suggested a call to the New York arch-diocesan building commission, hoping that that office might recommend the right man. The name of George Hamilton was forthcoming and he proved to be the ideal.

Unlike the Catholic contractor who had come up previously, Mr. Hamilton, a Protestant, head of the United Construction Company of New York, spent over two hours looking around the building, climbing over the parapet and inspecting every crack. When he was through, instead of giving a figure as the other man had done, he simply asked, "Who are these boys working here?" Upon being told, he replied, "Then you don't want me for this job. These boys can do it for you. I'll do it if you like, but an adequate job will cost $12,500. There's no need for getting me. Let me teach a couple of them how to do the work, then I'll furnish the tools and the basic materials and come back every week or so to check up and to supervise the work."[6]

The Port Kent lumber that was to be used as stuffing for the walls of the new rooms found itself instead being used for a tremendous scaffold across the face of the building. That

was the first step to be undertaken if every bit of cement was to be removed and then all put back again to make the structure waterproof. Though the winter chill was still to be felt in the air the job was undertaken as if it were really a pleasure. Amid the glow of automobile headlights and that of extension lights hanging out the windows, the scaffold went up largely by night, that more important work might be accomplished during the day.

Nor did the late hours lessen the calibre of the work. When asked if the scaffold was strong enough for unskilled workers to mount it, Mr. Hamilton replied, "It's at least five times as safe as the legal requirements." And safe it must have been, for it supported a countless number of workers—for nearly six months. That was how long it took to accomplish the work on the outside of the building, before anything substantial could be done on the interior.

The work ran on apace all during the summer vacation, as Gonzaga played host to an average of twenty boys who stayed on from the end of classes in June till they convened again in September. Chipping and pointing, pointing and chipping was the order of the day. The work was tedious in the extreme and almost imperceptible, but it was being done.

To supervise it, during the whole of the job, the Lord sent Gerald Leo Heaphy. Jerry, a lad of about twenty-three, had been the receptionist at St. Ignatius Rectory in New York for a year or two before Gonzaga began. His Irish ancestry and English accent, together with his facility for subtly teasing Ours, had endeared him to some of the community and made him despised by the rest. As he had quit the job just about this time, he looked up Father Magan whom he had met once or twice at the switchboard. It was only then he happened to hear of Monroe and went there just when a supervisor was necessary for the pointing operation. It was to him that Mr. Hamilton taught the ins and outs of the trade and it was he who measured the depth of every crack cut in the wall and the mix of each hod of cement. Though he had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth he became a day laborer at Gonzaga and stayed on for six months, until the pointing job was done. Lest any should forget him, his co-workers made sure to give him a special place in Gonzaga Associates' theme song, sung

to the tune of the then popular "Mockingbird Hill":

When we're out on the scaffold
And our fingers hurt,
And mad Jerry Heaphy, treats us like dirt,
When he falls from the scaffold we all will repent
But you can bet your sweet life it was no accident.

Of Destruction and Construction

Pointing the building was not the only outside job, nor was it the hardest of them. At least as formidable was the ditch, two of them in fact, the one running from the chapel to the pump house, a distance of eighty odd feet, and the other four hundred feet from the pump house to the furnace room of the main building where the water tanks were to be set. Each ditch had to be dug four feet deep, and most of the way was through rock and shale. A local contractor refused to set an estimate on the cost of doing the job mechanically for fear of what he might run into, so the volunteers had to dig it by hand, the toil being brutal every inch of the way.

Easier but requiring more skill was the construction of the chapel furnace room, a cinder block structure, which had to go up adjacent to the pump house to furnish heat for the chapel and the water system. The masonry on it was done largely by Stanley Pardo, a third year student from St. Peter's Prep, and Thomas Rizzo, a Fordham Law School freshman, neither of whom had ever seen cement until he saw Gonzaga. The chimney was put up by a most unlikely lad, Donald Murray, a Fordham College graduate, at the time working as an actuarian in the Metropolitan Life.

For the rest, the summer work seemed more like destruction than construction. Floors had to be ripped up in almost every room of the building and plaster had to be taken down. Even as every bit of cement had to be removed from the outside front of the building, so every bit of plaster had to be shorn from the front interior walls. The old dining room floor, made of a beautiful oak, had to be removed before the heating could go through. And the concrete floor in the present dining room had to be torn to bits for the installation of sewer lines. A wooden partition wall in the old carriage garage on the ground floor came down at eleven o'clock one

night to make way for the fireproof walls which now separate the kitchen and furnace room. It was the same story in every part of the house and was succinctly summed up at the October meeting of the New York Fire Department Holy Name Society by a fireman who had fallen in love with Gonzaga: "These boys have been working all summer. They have the floors torn up and the walls torn down. Now we have to get in and help."

Surely some one had to—for by this time most of the younger boys were back in school or college and the lads in their twenties were back at their jobs again.

Knowing this would happen, Father Magan awoke with cold sweats during the last half of the summer, for he knew the lads would have to go back to their classes and he knew of no one who could replace them.

But the good Lord knew and sent a New York fireman, Lieutenant Frank Magan (pronounced *McGann*), a hitherto unknown cousin of Father Magan (pronounced *May-gin*) to visit Gonzaga just before Labor Day. The visit was timed just right—just in time to bring the needed replacements, as the boys returned to school.

Like his cousin the priest, the Lieutenant could not hammer a nail, but he knew many men who could and he knew how to get them to Monroe to do the masonry, the carpentry, or whatever had to be done. When he did not know a man for the job, he simply went out and found one, for by this time Gonzaga, the Retreat House for Youth, meant more to him than most anything in life. Like the boys who were there before him, he was overcome by the place, and he would not be content until he saw it finished. His enthusiasm was contagious, and soon the Fire Department in every borough of New York City had recruits making regular excursions there. But they were not picnics in any sense of the word.

Living in the still cold building, where water lines froze up at night and where the dirt and grime of construction followed them to bed, was no more attractive to firemen than it had been to the boys. Still they came one week after another until the work was done. And the boys too continued to come on week-ends and in vacations, so that seven days a week the project was going on—the one group replacing the other, and all constructing the house.

During all this time Dick Neubeck was the brains and the boss of the job. Arriving at Monroe after work on a Friday night, he personally supervised the work and did much of it himself until about eleven o'clock Sunday evening, when he would leave instructions with Father Magan on what the replacements should do. And the replacements were not only firemen but their friends as well, and friends of the boys who labored, and friends of the friends besides. When the roster is counted, the number exceeds three hundred—only a handful of whom were so much as passing acquaintances of Father Magan when the work began.

As a matter of fact, the ten boys who originally offered their services, and on whose word permission for the construction was originally obtained from Father Provincial, never set foot in the house.

Of those who did work, however, men and boys alike, almost all have a story to tell. And every room at Gonzaga tells a story too!

The kitchen, for example, now tiled and modernly equipped, is fabulous in itself.

Originally it was a workshop of the poorest sort. Measuring twenty feet by twenty it had two unfinished wooden walls, two unfinished stone walls, a concrete floor, and an unfinished wooden ceiling. As the furnace room was to be set next to it, one of the wooden walls had to be torn down and much of the floor, the best thing in the room, had to be ripped up to make way for heating and plumbing pipes. The demolition of the wall was begun at eleven on a Saturday night, a crew of about ten boys going at it with sledges and wrecking bars. This was the first night work on the interior of the house, but not the first at Gonzaga. From the very beginning volunteers had become accustomed to it when a scaffold which had to cover the face of the building was constructed half in the dark and half in the shadows caused by artificial lighting. From the start, skilled work took precedence over rough work of this sort which was relegated to the after supper hours, often continuing to one or two in the morning. Later on in the project, as time pressed in and the first retreats were ever coming closer, some of the fancier jobs went on a swing shift also so that the pump house roof went on at one in the morning, the paint in the reception room went on at two o'clock,

the kitchen ceiling went up at three o'clock and the last of the beds were sprayed as the sun started rising over Schunnemunk at four o'clock on April 20, just two days before the opening of the house.

But the new kitchen had to be opened months before the house itself, in order to feed the workers who were coming in every day, some staying for a few hours and some for as long as six months.[7]

The temporary bedroom-kitchen-parlor setup of the pioneering days became a thing of the past when the first spring thaws of 1951 enabled the old kitchen to be opened, thus giving the luxury of running water and a night's sleep free from smoke. It did not give a modern kitchen however, nor one that was in any way suitable for a retreat house. The plans called for an entirely new setup in another part of the building, and when the interior work was begun, the new kitchen held high priority. Room was made for an eight-foot cubed walk-in refrigerator, a dishwashing machine, and the other essentials. A cinder block wall replaced the demolished wooden one, while furring and wire lath cover the other three. But a wire lath wall is hardly a wall at all and needs to be covered with plaster, and in a kitchen, with tile as well. The problem was, who could do it. Willing hearts and strong backs had accomplished much at Gonzaga that should have been left to skill, but up to this point even generosity had not made plaster stick. What little amateur plastering had been tried had failed miserably. The need was for professionals. And when it came to setting tile—the need was more obvious still. But up to now there were neither tile men nor plasterers in the Gonzaga Associates.

And again the Lord had the answer, and He must have laughed as He gave it, for He let Father Magan call every tile man around and visit a plasterers' local union in Harlem to solicit the help he needed, but which would not be forthcoming, at least not from those he contacted.

From the Lord's Warehouse

But like everything else at Gonzaga when the crisis really came, the solution came as well.

With 20° temperatures in November the old kitchen could

not be heated, nor the waterlines to it kept from freezing. The new one simply had to be opened before the real cold set in, else the project was doomed to lie dormant for the remaining months of the winter, with the possibility of never starting again. The new kitchen therefore simply had to be done. Week after week, as he went to the city, Father Magan endeavored to find the men for the job and always returned to Monroe, hoping that the next week would be it, until one Sunday night a Mr. James Welsh phoned and advised him to call a Mr. Andrew Brady. Who Mr. Brady was or why he should call him, Father Magan did not know. Jimmy had simply said, "He might be able to help you." When the call was put through, Father Magan sounded foolish as he told Brady, "Jim Welsh said I should call but I really do not know why." The "why" became apparent as Brady identified himself as the head of the Tile Layers Union, but Father Magan's spirits dropped as the union president explained, "Really I can't promise a thing." Yet he must have done something, for a week or two later a call came from Mr. Harry Florence, the Union's delegate, who in no uncertain terms told Father Magan to be home that afternoon. As he came into the house, he gruffly asked to be shown to the job. After a five minute inspection, he promised (the tone of voice was more that of a threat) to return on Saturday with four men. Saturday morning came, and with it and Harry Florence, came not four but fourteen tile men. They worked all day setting up the tile, a few returning on Sunday to complete the job. As the last block was being polished, an old Irishman among them asked the priest in charge: "Father, what are you doing with the floor." "Nothing," was the answer, "we haven't any money." "But, Father," said the old man with a brogue, "it looks like hell. You have to do something with it." He would not take "No" for an answer. "Ask Harry," he said, "and have him do the floor." The protest that Harry had just done the walls, a job worth $750.00, meant nothing to the Irishman. "If you can't ask him," he said, "I can." Within an hour Mr. Florence told Father Magan, "The guys want to do your floor. Get the stuff and we'll be up next week." Another protest that the budget would not stand the price of material fell upon deaf ears. "Take this stuff back, there's fifty bucks right there," Harry said, pointing to the wall tile that was left over, and

"get another fifty and buy the stuff for the floor." "But I can't return this tile," Father Magan insisted. There are signs all over the distributor's place saying, 'Absolutely no returns', and besides where can I get the other fifty?" But Harry and the Lord had the answer for that one: "Tell that Guinea *I* said 'Take it back.' " He did; and he refunded fifty-two dollars to Gonzaga. When Father Magan went to Xavier the following Wednesday there was a check awaiting him for another fifty dollars—the total cost of the floor.

The day the kitchen floor went in, Harry Florence warned Father Magan in advance, "Listen, we're not putting in the floor for the shower room. One of these guys is going to ask me to do it. But I'm telling you right now the answer's 'No.' " But that was simply Harry's way of talking. Without so much as being asked, he and one of his men came back on several occasions to put tile backings on the wash basins in forty-nine of the rooms, and on his last trip up—the day of the formal dedication, he promised to do the shower room floor before he got through at Gonzaga.

Tile men, however, generous and skilled though they are, do not do plastering. The kitchen needed that too and it needed it in a hurry, as the Lord must have been informed, for just three days before Harry Florence's Tile Layers Union of New York made their tangible contribution, the *New York Herald Tribune* on November 1, 1951 fully wrote up Gonzaga in a huge feature article embellished with four pictures.

That same day, Father Magan drove up to Mount Vernon where the Pontiac station wagon (a gift to the retreat house) had been purchased four months before. He was after a speedometer which had broken the day the car was purchased, but why he chose this day to go, only the Lord can say. It was the right day, however, for as he crossed from the Bronx into Westchester County, a Mount Vernon police car followed him several miles right into the garage. As he emerged from the car, a young detective whom he had not seen since they were grade school friends, greeted him, "That was a swell write-up you got in the *Herald* this morning." At lunch the two talked about the retreat house and as the tile men left on Saturday, the detective was helping a friend of his, a professional plasterer, put the white-coat on the walls.

The kitchen was now about finished but the plastering was not. In fact it was hardly even begun.

The deterioration of the exterior walls of the buildings had wreaked havoc with the insides, and every inch of plaster had to be replaced. Whenever a really unskilled volunteer arrived, there was always a good job for him—knocking the old plaster down. After a time so many walls were shorn of it, it appeared it might never get back, until one Sunday afternoon Ace and his Lieutenant marched into Gonzaga. The workers were having dinner in the barn-like dining room, as the two unknown men burst in on them. "Who's Father Magan?" the little one asked, as his husky cigar-smoking companion seemed to stand guard behind him. "They tell us you're doing a job here. We're plasterers, we'd like to look at it." Taking them at their word Father Magan invited them to remove their coats and pick up a trowel at once, but they'd have none of it. They wanted to see the job. That was all they had come up for. Before going home however, Ace, the little man, spoke for himself and his partner: "Maybe we can help you. We'll see. We'll see."

Father Magan reported the visit to Dick Neubeck who replied, "He'll probably send you a 'fin' in the mail." Nor was Father Magan himself any more optimistic, until Thursday evening when a lady called him on the telephone, and promised that her husband, the plasterer, would be up with eight men on Saturday. Like the tile men who came before them, plasterers seemed to like crowds, and on the day appointed Ace brought fifteen professionals to get the job done in a hurry. These men whose labor normally costs twenty-five dollars for a five-hour day, returned again and again with Ace always leading them, until the plastering was done. When it was, Ace, who proved to be Mr. Alfonse Squitteri, the father of a Junior at Saint Andrew, seemed almost disappointed that he could no longer use his plastering ability to advance the cause of the house which he had learned of from his wife who in turn had heard Father Magan speak at a Jesuit Mothers' Guild Meeting. It was the most unlikely place in the world to look for plasterers, but then the Lord is always doing the unlikely—especially at Gonzaga.

Christ's Work

Practically speaking, He had to, for on a chill day in February, 1950 Father Magan and Dick Neubeck had tacked a small holy-card copy of Ibarraran's Sacred Heart on the crumbling wall of what would become the reception room, then loaded with plasterboard, and as they placed it there, they made a consecration of the project to Him, promising that when it was finished they would replace it with a more suitable picture. In that picture and in the promise of the Sacred Heart to priests of the Society to give them power to do things beyond their fondest hopes, Father Magan placed his trust. Nor was it placed in vain.

Though humanly speaking he frequently could not foresee any means of fulfilling his promise to Father Provincial to complete the house with the aid of volunteers and was on more than one occasion seriously tempted to telephone him to say it was all a mistake, he held off one day at a time, hoping that the morrow might bring something out of the blue, as he and Dick Neubeck told the Sacred Heart at Mass each morning, "This is Your job, Lord, and You have to get it finished." Every time the Ordo permitted, Father Magan said the Mass of the Sacred Heart and the one intention he carried to the altar was the finishing of the house.

When it was just about done, the Lord sent women-folk to add the distaff touch. It was on Saturday, April 19, 1952, three days before the first retreat that the ladies came en masse. It was the only day for female volunteers, but they came sixty strong, flanked by forty men to help them clean the house. They came in a chartered bus and in about a dozen cars. They came in from the Bronx and Brooklyn, from Queens, and Greenwood Lake. Armed with their own vacuum cleaners, their mops, and their scrubbing brushes, they came to give the feminine touch to what their men had done.[8]

Every window in the house received its share of glass wax. Every inch of woodwork was polished till it gleamed. Every wall and floor was made fit for a king to come to. And He came that evening after benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, when Gonzaga Retreat House was reconsecrated to the Sacred Heart and another Ibarraran picture, this time

a work of art, was solemnly hung on the main wall of the blue reception room. That picture, please God, will always hang there as a token of gratitude to the Sacred Heart for giving Gonzaga its start, as a portent of future blessings, and as a memento of the Gonzaga Associates who felt what Dick Neubeck expressed in his Benediction Day address on June 7, 1952.

> Father Magan did not plan this house. Father Provincial did not plan it either. No Jesuit really planned it. But then again, He was a Jesuit—though a very youthful one. He had calloused hands because they were the Hands of a Carpenter, and He planned Gonzaga a very long time ago. Had He cared to do so, He could have built it alone. But He wanted to share with us the privilege of building it and we are here today to express our gratitude for the privilege conferred on us.

NOTES

[1]Only the Recording Angel could hope to give a full account of the origins of Gonzaga. Only He knows the details. This article is intended to give the merest outline of a unique foundation. The reader would do well to consult the books of heaven to learn details which have escaped mention here.

[2]The *post factum* estimate of the work accomplished was $250,000.

[3]When Father Provincial told Father Magan of Father General's approval of the scheme, he asked him "What are you going to call the house?" Father Magan replied with Father Kennedy's "Manresa Gonzaga," but the Provincial demurred, thinking the dual name might lead to confusion with Mount Manresa, the mother of all American retreat houses, and then the name Gonzaga was decided upon.

[4]At this writing, Vogt and Brannigan are Jesuit Novices. Kazanchy is a Franciscan postulant. Of the four original workers only Vogt was previously known to Father Magan. Boyan he had met but once before. The others accompanied Vogt.

[5]The final total cost of plumbing, heating, and water supply, including running water in every room, was less than this initial low estimate for the heating alone.

[6]For over six months Mr. Hamilton faithfully carried out his pledge, coming to Monroe from New York nearly every other Saturday. Besides his knowledge, he invariably brought with him a supply of paint or tools or something else equally useful, and he literally refused to take more than a cup of coffee for his charity.

[7]Besides Gerald L. Heaphy, two other boys, Ronald A. Clark of Coney Island and Walter Sabol of Bayonne, voluntarily worked at the retreat house for six months each. Clark, a lad of nineteen, who cooked all the meals during his sojourn there, became fabulous as a chef. Sabol specialized in the more mechanical things.

[8]As one more sign of God's Providence affecting Gonzaga, an almost uncontrollable brush fire which might have destroyed the house, broke out at high noon on the Ladies' Day. Were it not for the forty men on hand—many of whom were New York City firemen—the work of thirteen months might have been destroyed in an afternoon.

* * *

A Positive Spiritual Life

On July 25, 1542 a thought occurred to me which I had often had before, that if a man wishes to purify his soul more and more, he should keep his first intention always directed to God, and in this consists his profit. Hence we must not fix our chief attention, as I have often done up to this time, on remedies for troubles, temptations, and sadness. For he who sought our Lord solely and chiefly in order to be free from temptations and sadness would not seek devotion principally for itself, but, on the contrary, would seem to show that he would little esteem it, unless he were suffering; and this is seeking love from a fear of imperfection and misery and in order to escape evil. For this reason God, in His justice and mercy, allows you to be troubled for a time because your affections were not directed to Him; and in order that you may shake off tepidity and idleness, He sends you these pains and distresses as goads and spurs to urge you to walk on in the way of the Lord without seeking rest, until you repose solely in God himself, our Lord Jesus Christ. Nay, even though you were not to feel any trouble from the enemy or any temptations or evil and vain feelings or imperfections, you ought never to remain inactive, as do the tepid and idle and all those who care only not to fall or go back. Do not be content with merely not falling or going down hill but "lay up in your heart ascensions," increase and progress towards interior perfection; and this not only from fear of any fall but from love of holiness. Desire and thirst after spiritual things, not as if they were remedies against bad or vain feelings but on account of what they are and contain in themselves. Thus you will at length attain to the perfect love of God, and so you will no longer think of things vain and idle nor fear sins which are the hindrances which impede our attaining to God and being intimately united with and at rest in Him.

Blessed Peter Faber

A NEW WAY TO THE HEART OF INDIA?

SWAMI DINDASS*

India is predominantly an agricultural country. About 87 per cent of the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the subcontinent of India live in 700,000 villages and hamlets, both on the land and from the land. Among them almost all castes are represented: Brahmans, Kshatrias, Rajputs, right down to the aborigines and Pariahs. Mass conversions to Christianity without exception have taken place only among these aborigines and Pariahs. Their proportion among the 4,500,000 Catholics of India is estimated at from 75 to 85 per cent.

The Church and the Hindu Farmer

What is the Church doing for this far greater mass of farmers from the Hindu castes and the Mohammedans? The answer to this question is as discouraging as it is brief: this main body of the population of India seems completely untouched by any Christian influence. If you were to show 95 to 98 per cent of them a picture of Christ or a crucifix, not one of them could give you the meaning or the name of these things.

The question of mission work among these agrarian Hindu castes demands the greatest attention and the most penetrating study of all missionaries and thinking Catholics of India, especially today, since the independence of India has brought the Hindus into power, a democratic constitution has been adopted, and the development of a flourishing body of farmers is being given much attention. These facts make an attempt to get closer to these Hindu farmers and to bring Christ to them a necessity for us.

Up till now, most missionaries and their superiors, too, perhaps, seemed convinced that an attempt of this kind is

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* Under the name Swami Dindass, the author explains his new technique of approaching the Indian Mission problem. In reality he is a Flemish Jesuit, Father Quirijnen, former novicemaster at Hazaribagh, India.

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Translated by Francis P. Dinneen, S.J., from *Die Katholischen Missionen*, Aachen, 1953, Heft 1, pp. 14-16.

destined to fail right from the outset. "Why," they say, "does the Hindu farmer feel no attraction to us, as opposed to the downtrodden aborigines and Pariahs? He lives only from day to day. Materially, he is well off; intellectually, he is fully occupied by the observation of the prescriptions of his caste. He has the Hindu feasts for his religious needs and sacrifices, superstitious views and usages for every event in his life. Besides that, he is earthy, greedy, and proud. Thus there is no ground here in which the seeds of the gospel can take root."

But we must inquire seriously whether these views have a factual basis, capable of standing close scrutiny, or whether they are not merely just made up and passed on from one missionary to another. Are they founded on mere chance contacts of the missionaries with their Hindu neighbors, especially in business and lawsuits, or upon the reports of experiments of other missionaries that ended in failure?

We cannot permit ourselves any deception in this matter. We will never win *India as a Nation* to Christ, if we do not convert these Hindu farmers. If we do not bring them the gospel, the communists, with their great promises, will win the masses for themselves. Then we will bitterly regret having missed our chance. For they are, after all, worthy men, hard-working farmers, who most probably possess the traditional qualities of the country population of other lands: healthy morals, sober judgment, a deep feeling for religion; qualities, which when completed and ennobled in Christ, make the farmer the chief support of the Catholicity of a land, as our experience elsewhere has already shown.

Have we not failed to win them up till now, because we have never really made a well thought-out and persistent effort to do so? Or were we mindful that in their case, we were no longer dealing with an aborigine or a Pariah, so that in our approach to them, we might have been mistaken?

A New Approach

A few years ago the Indian Jesuit, Father Alvares, after ten years of fruitless labor, following the usual method among the Hindus, obtained permission from his young superior to try a new approach, as a Sannyasi or Sadhu (Indian mendi-

cant monk). He settled among the Lingayats, a well-to-do and influential middle caste, as Swami Animandanda. He assumed the externals of a priest of this caste: a saffron-yellow robe, long beard, uncombed hair, going about bare-foot with a pilgrim's staff and turban. This is the way our new Sannyasi, who is a Brahman by descent, sought to approach the Lingayats. As a "man of God" he went from village to village, begged, ate the food of the people, abstained from meat, fish and eggs, visited the sick, was sociable with everyone and explained that he was a priest who wanted to pray for them and offer the true sacrifice in their midst, in order to implore the blessings of God upon them, their houses, fields, and herds. He wanted to teach them the way of perfect liberation and eternal life. The people of the Lingayat caste received him as a real Sannyasi, listened to his words, gave him food, allowed him to spend the night in their temples, and attended his Mass. The life was hard, but what joy he had, when after two years he was able to baptise his first convert from the Lingayat caste and had a number of catechumens under instruction. A lay helper from Goa generously attached himself to him, shared his strict way of life and helped him in his apostolate. Two young Jesuits of the same mission are being trained for this promising mission among the Lingayats.

The superiors of the Ranchi Mission also permitted a similar experiment to be made in the district of Hazaribagh, where one can travel sixty to a hundred miles in one direction through heathen villages, without coming across a Catholic church or even a single Catholic. Relying upon the prayers and sacrifices of a small group of interested missionaries and friends, I set about this work, built myself, first of all, a little open hut on an out-of-the-way spot on the extensive property in Hazaribagh, put on a saffron-yellow robe, hung a large rosary around my neck, and went around for the most part bare-headed and bare-footed. Christ's command, "Go therefore and make disciples of all nations" gave me the courage for this experiment.

From this place, I visited all the neighboring villages and talked to the people, mostly caste-Hindus. I accosted them on the roads, in the fields, behind their herds, on the threshing floor, at the forge, in the village streets. I inquired how things

were going with them, what their problems were, what caste they were, their names. I made notes and tried to learn their Hindu dialect, which was quite different from the literary Hindi that I spoke. Since, as a European, I did not know very accurately how a Sannyasi should live, the first approach was not easy, until I took some good, cheap medicines along with me one day. As soon as I entered a village, the people, men, women and children, surrounded me. The sick were brought. I gave them the medicine and prayed aloud over them. Soon I was being invited into the inner court, and gradually, even into the living rooms for a meal or to visit the sick. I was never permitted to go away hungry, and was besides even given rice for dinner. What I was able to save in money for food in this way, I could use to buy more medicines. Thus we presented gifts to each other in the name of God—the Christian Sannyasi and the heathen people. The bonds of friendship between me and the people became more and more intimate. Gradually I had begun to play a part in the concerns of their every-day life.

But I still had to live more closely among the people, in order to spend the evenings with them, too. But I did not push myself on them. I waited until a few farmers invited me into their village. That happened after a few months. Men of the carpenter caste asked me if I would come and stay among them. "Good, I shall stay—but where? Will you help me build a hut?" "Sure," they chorused. One man gave me a piece of land, and the others helped me build the hut on it. It had only one room, and was situated near the village in a quiet spot near a brook.

That is where my headquarters are now. From here I undertake my trips into the villages. Now I can more easily meet the people and stay with them in the evenings. After the day's work, they squat around me, chatting and listening. The question of the missionary's approach was solved.

And the Success?

When an Indian farmer transforms a section of jungle into a rice field, he does not expect a harvest the first year. He knows that there is still a good deal of heavy work to be done: underbrush, thorns, and grass to be rooted out, stumps

and roots of ancient trees to be dug up, and the ground must be turned, spade by spade, and levelled. Only then can the first seeds be finally sown, but still without any thought of a great harvest. After a few years he, or his sons, after he has died over the task, will be able to bring back wheelbarrows full of fine paddy, unshelled rice.

So it was clear to me, that much time and work are necessary for Christian fruit one day to ripen in Hindu fields. Therefore, I was not astonished nor even in the slightest bit discouraged, when I could show the bishop no results. Conversions of adults? None. Catechumens under instruction? None.

However, these months of trying and experimenting are sufficient to bring some important bits of information to light.

1) These Hindu farmers approve of the settlement of a Christian missionary among them, in a situation where his character of "man of God" is easily recognizable. As such they greet him, support him willingly, and believe that they are serving God in so doing. They are confident that his mere presence as a Sannyasi in their midst wards off much misfortune, and his prayer calls down the blessings of Heaven on them. When I stopped in another village for a few days, there was great concern in my original home, for they were afraid that I wanted to leave it entirely.

2) Even within the first year there were many opportunities of speaking with individuals and small groups about moral and religious truths, both natural and revealed. I was able to root out some superstitious practices. For instance, there was a woman with a frightful sore on her foot, so that she was wearing an amulet against the evil eye. I dressed her sore twice a day and each time said a prayer for the return of her health. After a few days I asked her to take the charm off. But she wanted to wait until her husband returned. In his presence, I dressed the sore again, pointed at the charm and said "That's useless, and an insult to God." "You're right", he nodded, and had his wife take off the amulet.

3) In danger of death, they made no objection when I gave their sick and their children the "great blessing of Christ, which washes the soul clean and gives everlasting

life." They would even get the water for baptism themselves. Thus I was able to baptise eighteen people quite publicly.

4) Abstinence from beef is essential, while the avoidance of all other kinds of meat, fish, eggs, smoking, and such delicacies strengthens the esteem in which the missionary is held. For even though the majority of them will eat game and goats occasionally, they still expect that their Sannyasi is above such satisfactions. They put great value on his care to lead their life in all respects, such as going about barefoot, eating their food, speaking their dialect, being interested in all their goings-on. They especially like him to visit their sick and be friendly toward everyone, especially their children.

5) This life of a Sannyasi-missionary is not beyond the strength of a European. Even though I'm no giant of strength and never have had an iron constitution, I still finished the first year in good health.

The clear outlines of a solid method have now been revealed. The goal is certain: the leaven of the gospel must be mixed into Hinduism, while the full Christian life is lived in the daily contact with the Hindu. This method will undoubtedly lead one day to the conversion of adults, especially if the blessing of God is called down upon the undertaking by the assiduous prayer of others.

Note by Editor of *Die Katholischen Missionen*: As Swami Dindass recently wrote us, his experiment will probably be broken off, or carried on under a different form. At the Bishops' Conference for India in October, 1951 Bishop Bouter of Nellore issued the following statement, based on his questionnaire to the Indian Bishops, regarding this type of mission technique: "The wearing of the Sannyasi dress as an experiment is generally approved, with the provision that it be undertaken only by a few men, and these chosen carefully."

* * *

O God, Who didst fortify Thy blessed martyr John with indomitable perseverance to sow the seed of the Catholic faith in India, let his merits plead with Thee, and grant that as we celebrate his triumph, so we may also imitate his faith; through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—from the Mass of St. John de Britto, Feb. 4.

OUR LADY AND THE EXERCISES

FRANCIS J. MARIEN, S.J.

We are all indebted to Father William J. Young for his excellent translation of Father Dudon's *St. Ignatius of Loyola.* Nothing can detract from the substantial value of the original or of the translation. Those who peruse the "Notes and Appendices" will, however, come across a section concerned with the question: "Did the Blessed Virgin dictate the Exercises to Ignatius?" Father Dudon's answer is a simple, "No." It is the purpose of this article to suggest that such a question and answer may be misleading. It is one thing to affirm or to deny that the Blessed Virgin *dictated* the Exercises. It is another thing to ask whether or not Our Lady played a unique part, intervened in some special manner, in their composition.

There is scarcely a house or church of the Society which does not contain a picture or stained glass window depicting Our Lady presenting St. Ignatius with the book of the Exercises or hovering beneficently over the penitent of Manresa, approving his work, instructing him as he composes his immortal manual. It is a fair question to ask what historical fact these pictures represent.

In this article we shall briefly review the controversy on the part Our Lady played in the composition of the Exercises as it appears in the writings of Jesuit historians from 1897 to 1943.

In 1894 Father Henri Watrigant published a booklet devoted to this subject.[1] Cast in the form of letters to a correspondent who wishes to know what foundation exists for the tradition of a special intervention of Our Lady in the composition of the Exercises, the book is divided into four parts.

In his introductory letter, Father Watrigant is careful to point out that, although the early Fathers of the Society held for a kind of divine inspiration of the Exercises, whenever the term "inspiration" is used it has not the precise technical sense employed in fundamental theology. Moreover the legend which usually appears beneath the well-known pictures mentioned above, *Deipara dictante, Ignatius discit et docet,* should be made to read *Deipara docente* instead of *dictante,* as the idea of a word for word dictation could be nothing but a pious

hyperbole.[2] The author hopes nevertheless to give enough evidence to justify the consoling conclusion of Reverend Father Anderledy who maintained: ". . . *non solum pie, sed fidenter credimus, S. Ignatium quae docuit quaequae praecepit, suggerentem sibi habuisse optimam matrem, Virginem Immaculatam.*"[3]

The first letter dealing with "Raisons de Convenance" need not detain us. The second is concerned with historical evidence. The author, in the first place, strongly insists on the fact of the wide-spread tradition of Our Lady's intervention, a "general persuasion" in and out of the Society for three centuries. In support of the existence of the tradition he appeals to many authors of the seventeenth century including Pucci, Rho, Gonzalvez, Nolarci, Vida, Lyraeus, Bourghesius, Negronius, Roth, Nieremberg, Civore.[4]

The author admits that he is unable to quote any explicit document dated earlier than the first part of the seventeenth century. But as evidence of the antiquity of the tradition, he quotes a letter of Father Pucci of Barcelona to Father Ignatius Victor written in 1640: "At Manresa and in all that region it is regarded as a certain tradition transmitted from parents to children that St. Ignatius wrote his book in Manresa with the aid of the mother of God and was enlightened by particular heavenly illuminations."[5]

In this same letter Father Watrigant appeals to the evidence of the manuscript history of the old college of Belén at Barcelona. As this document figures prominently in the controversy, it will be well at this point to indicate what the document is and what authenticity is advanced in its favor.

In 1872 Father Fidelis Fita made known the discovery of an unedited manuscript, the "Annales" or Annual Letters of the College of Belén.[6] On page twenty-one for the year 1606 these words are found:

> Father Laurence of Saint-John passing through Manresa learned from Señor Amigant that the Blessed Virgin dictated the Exercises to our Blessed Father Ignatius following an ecstacy that he had before the Virgin of the Annunciation (a domestic shrine) of his house . . . (this) they learned from the mouth of the Saint himself when he was staying with his family.[7]

There is no doubt that Ignatius was indebted to the Amigant family at Manresa. The name appears prominently in

the processes for beatification carried on at Manresa.[8] Father Watrigant considers this document to be the principal evidence for the local tradition, but insists that the word "dictation" is not to be taken in our modern strict sense.

Father Watrigant is hesitant about citing the authority of Laynez. He is content to say that some writers have invoked his name in favor of the tradition. From Father Virgilio Nolarci he quotes the following passage:

> Fathers Laynez and Polanco . . . have testified without any hesitation both by word of mouth and in writing that St. Ignatius had no other instructor than that which he received from heaven; that God was his principal teacher, principal because the Blessed Virgin was also given him as teacher.[9]

Father García, writing in 1685, is quoted as saying: "The thrice-holy Virgin was equally the . . . instructress of the author of the Exercises as P. Laynez has affirmed."[10] Unfortunately Father Watrigant is unable to find an express statement connecting Laynez with the tradition before 1685.

Much has been made by the protagonists of the tradition of a painting commissioned by Reverend Father Vitelleschi and sent by him to Manresa in 1626. This famous picture depicts Our Lady appearing to Ignatius as he composes the Exercises. Father Watrigant argues that this act of the General can hardly be explained unless one supposes at least an oral tradition of Mary's special intervention.[11]

Under the heading of "Divine Testimony," Watrigant cites the revelation made by the Archangel Gabriel to Venerable Marina de Escobar and quoted by Father Luis de la Puente in his life of Father Balthasar Alvarez. In this vision the Archangel made known to Marina that Our Lady acted regarding the Exercises as foundress, protectress, and helper.[12] We shall see later how the critics deal with this revelation.

Another supernatural event is presented as divine testimony. It is the heavenly visitation reputedly accorded to the Venerable Canon Jerome of Palermo. Father Frazzetta who wrote his life gives an account of his last moments during which he told his confessor that the Blessed Virgin in an apparition to him had commended his zeal for the Exercises of Ignatius and assured him that she herself was the author of this method of meditation, and whoever used it would render to her a most agreeable and glorious homage.[13]

After considering such evidence Father Watrigant proposes and solves certain objections of Constantin Cajetan, a Benedictine monk. This remarkable man, sometime custodian of the Vatican library, had a burning zeal for the glory of his order. He claimed that the *Summa Theologica* usually attributed to Aquinas was actually the work of a Benedictine. According to him the *Imitation of Christ* was also to be ascribed to Benedictine authorship. It was inevitable that he should eventually claim that the Exercises were merely adapted and paraphrased from the *Exercitatoria* of the Benedictine, García de Cisnernos. His contention was that since Ignatius borrowed from Cisnernos, there was no need to invoke any special intervention of Our Lady.[14] It is interesting to note that not only Cajetan's book but also the response by the Jesuit Father Rho were placed on the Index as excessively acrimonious.[15]

Cajetan's principal arguments can be summarized as follows: 1) If the Exercises were revealed by Our Lady why does Paul III in his approbation say they were composed from Scripture and the practice of the spiritual life?[16] 2) Why does Polanco say they were written by Ignatius out of his own internal experience and the wisdom gained from the direction of souls?[17] 3) Why does Orlandini say they resulted from usage and daily observation?[18] 4) Why does Ribadeneira say: *Ex accurata observatione eorum quæ sibi contigerant, conscripsit?*[19]

Father Watrigant's answer is simple: "No one of these influences necessarily rules out the others. Mary is a cause, an important cause, not the only cause."[20] For Father Watrigant the evidence he has presented is sufficient, looked at in its entirety, to justify moral certitude in the special intervention of Our Lady.[21]

The distinguished historian, Father Antonio Astrain, by a single footnote in his well-known history of the Society in the Spanish Assistancy[22] exerted "an enormous influence"[23] which served to lessen in many minds the certainty and even the probability of what he called the "pious belief" that Our Lady inspired the Exercises.

In summary fashion the belief is rejected because there is no sound documentary proof of it to be found during the century immediately following Ignatius' stay at Manresa. No

allusion in the writings of Laynez himself justifies using his name in favor of the belief. The evidence of Señor Amigant and the Belén manuscript is refuted by the enormity of its claim: a book written by the Blessed Virgin. One cannot suppose that St. Ignatius, so cautious about mentioning spiritual gifts and experiences even to his closest sons in the Society, would have divulged them to comparative strangers. Father da Camara, first biographer and close confidant of Ignatius, would certainly have mentioned it if he knew of it. In none of the writings which we possess of Laynez, Da Camara, Polanco, Nadal, Ribadeneira, Orlandini, and Maffei is there any mention of it. Father de la Puente does not give historical testimony but mentions only certain revelations of the Archangel Gabriel to an unnamed person.

The judgment of Father Pietro Tacchi Venturi subtantially concurs with that of Astrain. In his history of the Society in Italy he relegates consideration of this subject to an even briefer footnote, expressing the opinion that it does not seem worthy of critical examination.[24]

According to him the tradition finds no foundation in the available source material of the sixteenth century but was widely diffused in the seventeenth century, thanks to the revelations of the Venerable Marina de Escobar upon whom the Church has pronounced no judgment.

One should rather use the words of Ignatius himself, as recorded by Polanco, in describing the supernatural assistance accorded him in the composition of the Exercises: *"non tam libris quam ab unctione Sancti Spiritus et ab interna experientia et usu tractandarum animarum."*[25]

Father Arturo Codina, one of the editors of the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu,* upholds the validity of the tradition. His defense of it, printed in the "Prolegomena in Exercitia" of the volume devoted to the Exercises,[26] is substantially the same as the treatment he gives the subject in his work on the origin of the Exercises.[27] This latter work, published in 1926, will briefly engage our attention.

Father Codina argues that the famous painting commissioned by Father Vitelleschi in 1626 did not start the tradition but presupposed it. He recalls, what all parties to the dispute must admit, that according to Da Camara God taught Ignatius at Manresa as a teacher instructs a child, and that during this

period he was favored with visions of the humanity of Christ and of the Blessed Virgin, which visions greatly confirmed Ignatius in the faith. Codina is disposed to see in this implicit evidence of Our Lady's intervention.

He suspects that some historians find it difficult to accept the tradition because they give the picture commissioned by Father Vitelleschi a rather too material interpretation. As for the evidence given by Marina de Escobar (the "unnamed person" in Astrain's account), Codina points out that De la Puente who records the revelation was a wise and prudent man, whose own virtues have been declared heroic by Clement XIII. His judgment is not easily to be set aside.

In his critical investigation of the manuscript of the College of Belén Codina remarks that although the passage in question was an addition on the original script, it is contemporaneous to the rest of the manuscript and is written by the same hand.[28]

In the statement of Señor Amigant, ascribing the Exercises to the "dictation" of Our Lady, the word is to be taken in a wide sense as Father Watrigant had previously insisted. As for Astrain's objection that the humble Ignatius would not have communicated such graces to outsiders even supposing he received them, Codina argues that it is certainly established from the processes of canonization that Ignatius gave the Exercises to Angela Amigant and other pious women who would naturally have praised the Exercises. Ignatius might very well have told them that their praise should be directed to the Blessed Virgin who was in good part responsible for them.[29]

Codina is confronted with an embarrassing difficulty regarding the evidence of the Belén manuscript and the quotation from Señor Amigant. A certain Juan Amigant was questioned in the process for beatification conducted at Manresa. Article twenty-nine of the form used in questioning witnesses, asked about revelations and supernatural illuminations, and other details. Here would be an occasion, it would seem, for a member of the Amigant family to say under oath what he knew about Our Lady's intervention. There is no recorded statement by Amigant on this point.[30]

Codina admits that this silence presents a serious difficulty.

"It might be," he suggests, "that in this particular the record is inexact or incomplete."[31]

Relative to the testimony of Amigant, Codina quotes a passage from a codex manuscript "Piedad de los Amigant," a family history in possession of the Marquis de Palmerola.[32] According to this document St. Ignatius gave the Exercises to Angela Amigant after the Blessed Virgin had dictated them.

Codina, unlike Father Watrigant who held for a moral certitude, is content to declare that the venerable tradition has solid probability in its favor. It contradicts nothing that is certain and agrees with all that is known of Ignatius. He concludes by saying that we are certain there are many undiscovered letters written by and about Ignatius, and that one day the discovery of one of these may throw new light on the tradition. In any case Ignatius did not want the approval of the Exercises to depend on a revelation but on the judgment of the Church.[33]

Perhaps the most enthusiastic protagonist for the tradition is Father Juan Sola. Though his defense in some particulars will seem more vigorous than conclusive, he has offered some forceful considerations. In two articles published in 1931, he advances fearlessly against the attack on the tradition.[34]

Much is made of the statement of Pius XI in his Apostolic Letter of December 3, 1922, "Meditantibus Nobis," in which he says: "*In illo Minorissano recessu quemadmodum sibi essent praelia Domini praelianda ab ipsa Deipara didicit cujus tamquam ex manibus illum accepit . . . codicem . . . Exercitia Spiritualia.*"[35] Likewise the statement of Father Anderledy already quoted in this article is brandished effectively.

The venerable author, who had already written in defense of the tradition forty years previously,[36] asks in the light of such solemn documents if it would not give scandal and disedification publicly to resist or not to conform with these pronouncements. Moreover, since this pious belief singularly honors the mother of God and St. Ignatius, places the Exercises in high esteem, and gives a more exalted notion of the Society—"should I (in opposition to tradition) follow my own

proper judgment or that of a few who bring together only a collection of negative arguments?"[37]

Sola is most anxious to dissipate the idea that the tradition is rejected by all or even most modern authors in the Society. He claims for support Fita, Watrigant, Codina, Drive, Tarre, Poire, and Creixell.[38]

As for the argument that there is no evidence of the tradition during the first century after Ignatius' stay at Manresa in 1552, he stresses the evidence of the Belén manuscript of 1606 which he considers irrefragable. He appeals to the already existing tradition presupposed in the picture commissioned by Father Vitelleschi in 1626 and reminds us that Father Andrés Lucas, writing in 1633, is able to speak of the tradition as "ancient."[39]

Against Astrain's argument that Ignatius would not have told the Amigants of his supernatural favors, Sola responds that Ignatius, generous and noble, grateful for the least benefit received, had communicated to Fathers Mercurian, Laynez, Polanco, Nadal, and Da Camara many consoling visions. Why then should he not tell the origin of his treasure to a noble woman who had succored him, often receiving him into her home, and tending him in his illness—a woman moreover who had made the Exercises under his guidance?[40]

Although the *Enciclopedia Universal Ilustrada* likens Marina de Escobar to St. Theresa of Avila, it declares that her writings have received no wide acceptance in the Church and that they contain facts unacceptable to the critic.[41] Sola has little patience with the critics and contends that the unquestioned virtue and solidity of Father de la Puente gives authority to the statement of Marina de Escobar, which he quotes without hesitation.[42]

In concluding Sola pleads that the tradition be guarded as a precious relic and quotes Canons 1285 and 1286, arguing by analogy that if a relic has been long venerated, that is, for three centuries, no conjecture or merely probable argument may be permitted to disturb its veneration.[43]

As we mentioned above, Father Paul Dudon in his recent work on St. Ignatius declares[44] that while certain authors admit the tradition of Our Lady's dictation of the Exercises to be respectable, Fathers Astrain, Tacchi Venturi, and

Watrigant reject it.[45] Furthermore Ignatius himself said he was the author. His generation commonly attributes the book to him and the Church speaks of it as his. None of the historians of the century after Manresa speaks of the dictation and it does not figure in any of the canonical processes. The tradition goes back only to 1606. The "Annales" or manuscript of Belén, which is the first document to mention it, does not deserve credit as the mention of the dictation is after the fashion of an addition interpolated in the primitive text. The first Jesuit who went to Manresa in 1573 received from the Amigants their recollections of Ignatius, but there is no word of the dictation. Finally Juan Amigant, who according to the manuscript spoke to Father Saint-John (de San Juan), gave evidence at the process conducted at Manresa in 1606 but he says nothing of the dictation.[46]

Two observations are in order about these remarks of Dudon. He has made the tradition consist in a belief in a dictation in the strict sense. This, as Fathers Watrigant and Codina have pointed out, is untenable. The corrections and additions made by St. Ignatius in the text from time to time rule out the idea of a word for word dictation. However the leading modern defenders of the tradition hold for a special intervention on the part of Our Lady and not for a dictation as Dudon understands it. The question for Fathers Watrigant and Codina is this: *Did Our Lady intervene in some special way in the composition of the Exercises?* They believe there is solid reason for concurring with a tradition admittedly three centuries old which maintains that she did.

As for the Amigant reference in the Belén manuscript, as we have already seen, Codina, while admitting that the passage in question is a gloss on the original text, maintains that it is contemporaneous with the original and written by the same hand as the rest of the text.

In 1943 Father Manuel Quera published two articles in which he re-examines the question and reaffirms the validity of the tradition.[47] He asserts that Dudon raises a pointless issue when he questions a dictation. None of the defenders of the tradition hold for a dictation as he understands it.[48] Against Astrain's argument that there is no documentary

evidence for the tradition before 1606, he appeals, as did Sola, to the writers of the seventeenth century, to Andrés Lucas especially, who could refer to the tradition as "certain," "constant," and "ancient."[49] The right of prescription should have some place here. Moreover the tradition has received the solemn approval of a General of the Society and of the Supreme Pontiff.[50]

The argument of Astrain and Dudon that no mention of the tradition is found in the writings of Da Camara, Laynez, Polanco, Nadal, and Ribadeneira is answered by Father Quera who says that besides being merely negative, the same argument can be used against the popular belief concerning the cave of Manresa. There is no mention of the cave in the writings of any of these Fathers with the exception of Ribadeneira, who is on record as saying: "*Quod steterit P. Ignatius in quadam spelunca prope montem Serratum, licet aliqui id dicant, pro certo non habet testis.*"[51] Yet Jesuits have generally accepted the tradition of the cave, and that long before Father Pedro Leturia made known in 1925 the discovery of a Latin text written in 1556 by John Albert Widmanstadt, the earliest and only known text of the period referring without qualification to the cave as a place where Ignatius prayed.[52] Quera like Codina wonders if some day a newly discovered document will not more clearly explain and justify the tradition.[53]

Relative to the manuscript of Belén, the testimony of the Amigants, and the assertion of Astrain that Ignatius would not have communicated his visions to these people, Quera quotes a very significant passage from a letter of Ribadeneira to Father Gil, rector of the college of Barcelona, in which he says that Ignatius communicated to Pedro de Amigant and Señora Angela de Amigant the things that passed in his soul, visions, raptures, and other interior things. Ribadeneira says that he learned all this from Dr. Sarrovira to whom the Saint had foretold the whole course of his life. Ribadeneira adds that he had heard the same thing himself from Ignatius, although the Saint was very cautious about revealing the favors he had received.[54] This remarkable document not only concurs neatly with the Belén manuscript but it completely explodes the aprioristic argument of Astrain against it.

As for Dudon's argument based on the silence of Juan Amigant at the process for beatification, Quera gives the surprising answer that Amigant and the rest of the witnesses said nothing about the "dictation" or intervention of Our Lady for the simple reason that they had no opportunity to say anything about it.[55] It is true that Amigant is on record as answering only five questions none of which involved article twenty-nine, the article which treated in a general way the supernatural experiences of Ignatius at Manresa.[56] This article did not ask if the witnesses knew of any specific revelations, but simply asked the rather vague and general question: Did they know that Ignatius had such experiences?[57] It is most likely, if not certain, on the other hand, that the Juan Amigant of the process, a close relative of the Amigants who befriended Ignatius, did know of such experiences as the letter of Ribadeneira indicates. The argument based on his silence, accordingly, loses its force.

By way of conclusion, Quera expresses the hope that his effort may serve to dissipate the cloud of suspicion and indifference that surrounds the tradition, a cloud created by modern historians who in treating it so lightly have shown an unwarranted disdain of it.

In the light of the evidence presented to the controversy it seems reasonable to maintain that, while the proof for the special intervention of Our Lady may not be absolutely established by documentary evidence at our disposal, nevertheless such evidence as we have favors the tradition. The arguments advanced by those who oppose the validity of the tradition are merely negative and in some instances groundless. Finally there remains the undeniable fact of the tradition itself carrying with it the prestige of prescription.

A further question might be asked. Granting that Our Lady did intervene, what was the nature of the intervention? In what way was Mary responsible for the Exercises? How shall we understand her "dictation"?

Surely we need not invoke Mary's aid to explain the detail or even much of the general structure of the Exercises. One should leave room for the influence of the *Vita Christi,* and the *Flos Sanctorum* as well as the *Imitation of Christ,* probably also for the *Exercitatoria* of Cisnernos. Nor should

we limit the dynamic originality of Ignatius himself. Probably the best explanation of our problem is to be sought in the "Ephemeris S. P. N. Ignatii."[58] Here the Saint's constant recourse to Our Lady and his mystical union with her are clearly in evidence. We have Ignatius' own testimony in these pages about the help he sought and received from the Blessed Virgin in composing certain parts of the Constitutions. It seems quite legitimate to conclude that Our Lady's intervention in the composition of the Exercises took a somewhat similar form.

NOTES

[1]Henri Watrigant, S.J., *La Très Sainte Vierge a-t-elle Aidé Saint Ignace à Composer le Livre des Exercises Spirituels?* (Ucles, 1894). Pp. 110.

[2]*Ibid.*, p. 6.

[3]"De Cultu Cordis Jesu Provehendo," *Epistolae Praepositorum Generalium*, IV, (Brussels, 1908), p. 105.

[4]*Op. cit.*, pp. 21-30.

[5]Quoted from the work of John Rho, S.J., *Joannis Rho Mediolanensis Societatis Jesu Achates . . . de Sancti Ignatii Institutione et Exercitiis*, (Lyons, 1643), p. 128. Cited by Watrigant, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

[6]Fidelis Fita, S.J., (1835-1917), *La Santa Cueva de Manresa*, (Manresa, 1872), p. 17. Cited by Watrigant, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

[7]Fita, *op. cit.*, p. 47. Cited by Watrigant *op. cit.*, p. 22. For correction of text as given by Watrigant, Astrain and Creixell cf. Arturo Codina, S.J., *Los Orígenes de los Ejercicios Espirituales*, (Barcelona, 1926), p. 90, (translation mine).

[8]"Processus Remissorialis Minorissensus," *Monumenta Ignatiana*, Series 4, (Madrid, 1918), pp. 697-753. Cf. pp. 716-717.

[9]Virgilio Nolarci, S.J., (Carnoli), *Vita del Patriarca sant' Ignatio*, (Venice, 1689), p. 39. Cited by Watrigant, *op. cit.*, p. 26, (translation mine).

[10]François García, S.J., *Vida, virtudes, y milagros de San Ignacio de Loyola*, (Madrid, 1685), p. 61. Cited by Watrigant, *op. cit.*, p. 26.

[11]*Op cit.*, p. 28.

[12]Louis du Pont (de la Puente), *Vie du P. Balthasar Alvarez*, (Paris, 1628), p. 481. Cited by Watrigant, *op. cit.*, p. 33. Cf. *The Life of Balthasar Alvarez*, (London, 1868), II, pp. 191-193.

[13]Michel Frazzetta, S.J., *Vita, virtu, miracoli del Vener. Servo di Dio D. Girolamo di Palermo*, (Palermo, 1681), p. 140. Cited by Watrigant, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

[14]Constantin Cajetan, *De religiosa sancti Ignatii . . . Institutione*, (Venice, 1641), p. 200. Cited by Watrigant, *op. cit.*, p. 37 ff. Cf. "Cajetan, Constantin," *Catholic Encyclopedia*, III.

[15]Cf. Watrigant, *op. cit.*, p. 37; Codina, *Los Orígenes*, p. 168.

[16]"Pastoralis officii," (1548). Cf. Canutus-Hilarius Marin, S.J., *Spiritualia Exercitia Secundum Pontificum Documenta*, (Barcelona, 1941), pp. 10-11.

[17]Polanco, "Quidam de Societate Jesu . . .," (prefatory letter to the first vulgate version of the Exercises), *Monumenta Ignatiana*, Series 2, (Madrid, 1919), p. 218.

[18]Orlandini, *Historia Societatis*, LI. Cited by Watrigant, *op. cit.*, p. 38.

[19]Ribadeneira, *Vita Ignatii Loiolae*, (Antwerp, 1587), p. 49. Cited by Watrigant, *op. cit.*, p. 38.

[20]*Op cit.*, pp. 37 ff.

[21]*Ibid.*, p. 36.

[22]Antonio Astrain, S.J., *Historia de la Compañía de Jesús en la Asistencia de España.* (7 vols., Madrid, 1902-1925) I, p. 160.

[24]Pietro Tacchi Venturi, S.J., *Storia della Compagnia di Gesu in Italia*, (3 vols. Rome, 1922), II, p. 40.

[25]Polanco, *op. cit.*, p. 218.

[26]Arturo Codina, S.J., "De Ope a B. Virgine Ignatio Collata ad Excercitia Conscribenda," *Monumenta Ignatiana*, Series 2, (Madrid, 1919), pp. 39 ff.

[27]Codina, *Los Orígenes de los Ejercicios*, (Barcelona, 1926), pp. 85 ff.

[28]*Ibid.*, pp. 90-91.

[29]*Ibid.*, pp. 91-93.

[30]*Ibid.*, p. 92. Cf. "Processus Remissorialis Minorissensus," *op. cit.*, pp. 716-717.

[31]*Op. cit.*, p. 92.

[32]*Ibid.*, pp. 92-93. Cf. *Monumenta Ignatiana*, Series 4, II, (Madrid, 1918), pp. 511-513. Unfortunately this manuscript as well as that of the College of Belén was destroyed by the Reds in the recent civil war.

[33]*Op. cit.*, p. 93.

[34]Juan M. Sola, S.J., "La Intervención de la Virgen en los Ejercicios Espirituales," *Manresa*, VII, (Barcelona, 1931), pp. 40-56; 145-169.

[35]*Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, XIV, (1922), p. 629.

[36]*San Ignacio en Manresa*, (Barcelona, 1891), num. 24. Cited by Sola, *op. cit.*, p. 40.

[37]*Op. cit.*, p. 47.

[38]*Ibid.*, pp. 48-50.

[39]Andrés Lucas, *Vida de San Ignacio*, (Granada, 1633), pp. 80-81. Cited by Sola, *op. cit.*, pp. 53-54.

[40]*Op. cit.*, pp. 145-146.

[41]"Escobar (Marina de, la Venerable)," *Enciclopedia Universal Ilustrada*, XX, (Barcelona), p. 801.

[42]*Op. cit.*, pp. 150-152.

[43]*Ibid.*, pp. 168-169.

[44]Paul Dudon, S.J., *Saint Ignace de Loyola*, (Paris, 1934), p. 616.

[45]It would seem that Dudon has oversimplified the case by listing

Watrigant with Astrain and Tacchi Venturi. It is only too clear that Watrigant respects much of the evidence which the other two reject.

[46]*Op. cit.*, p. 616.

[47]Manuel Quera, S.J., "Influjo de la Santíssima Virgen en la Composición del libro de los Ejercicios," *Manresa*, XV, (Marzo, 1943), pp. 64-72; 164-176.

[48]*Op. cit.*, p. 65.

[49]Lucas, *op. cit.*, p. 84. Cited by Quera, *op. cit.*, p. 169.

[50]*Op. cit.*, p. 175.

[51]*Monumenta Ignatiana*, Series 4, II, p. 904. Cited by Quera *op. cit.*, p. 68.

[52]Leturia, S.J., "Un texto desconocido del año 1556 sobre la Santa Cueva," *Manresa*, I, (1925), pp. 43-52. Cited by Quera, *op. cit.*, p. 68.

[53]*Op. cit.*, pp. 68-69.

[54]Juan Creixell, S.J., *San Ignacio de Loyola*, (Barcelona, 1922), p. 134. Cited by Quera, *op. cit.*, p. 164. Cf. *Monumenta Ribadeneirae*, (Epistolae Addendae) II, p. 502.

[55]*Op. cit.*, pp. 166-167.

[56]Cf. "Processus Remissorialis Minorissensus," *op. cit.*, pp. 716-717.

[57]*Op. cit.*, pp. 175-176.

[58]*Monumenta Ignatiana*, series tertia, tomus I, pp. 86-158.

* * *

Recollection

For keeping up continual recollection of God this pious formula is to be ever set before you. "Deign, O God, to set me free; Lord, make haste to help me" (Psalm 69, 2), for this verse has not unreasonably been picked out from the whole of Scripture for this purpose. For it embraces all the feelings which can be implanted in human nature, and can be fitly and satisfactorily adapted to every condition, and all assaults. Since it contains an invocation of God against every danger, it contains humble and pious confession, it contains the watchfulness of anxiety and continual fear, it contains the thought of one's own weakness, confidence in the answer, and the assurance of a present and every ready help. For one who is constantly calling on his protector, is certain that He is always at hand. It contains the glow of love and charity, it contains a view of the plots, and a dread of the enemies, from which one, who sees himself day and night hemmed in by them, confesses that he cannot be set free without the aid of his defender.

John Cassian

HISTORICAL NOTES

LETTERS OF FATHER JAMES PYE NEALE

In May, 1952 the Georgetown Archives received from Professor E. C. Barker of the University of Texas a packet of one hundred and thirty letters written by Father James Pye Neale to his mother over a period of thirty-seven years. Although there are considerable repetitions, many family references and trifling details in the letters, they afford some interesting glimpses of the old Maryland Province, Father Neale's contemporaries in the Society, the work of the Jesuits in caring for the parishes of the Counties, and the difficulties of a parish priest in the "horse-and-buggy" days. The letters have been studied, and in the following pages is gathered the material which should be of general interest.

Early Years

James Pye Neale was born in Charles County, Maryland, on February 19, 1840 and on September 15, 1852 entered Georgetown College with his two brothers, Eustace and Francis. Their father, a doctor, had died and they were the wards of Captain James H. Neale of Portobacco. Nicholas Stonestreet of Charles County assisted in supporting the boys by paying twelve hundred dollars for the expenses of the first two years of their schooling. Their mother had gone to Texas to live with relatives either shortly before or after their entrance into Georgetown College.

On January 16, 1857, while he was in poetry class at college, Pye Neale wrote to his mother and, among other things, told her:

> In this last Christmas at college, we had no mince pies and apples, nor invigorating eggnog and apple toddy; but we had college pies and turkeys with cakes and candies, and last, though not least, the life-giving coffee and bread. Though we had no home-faces to share our mirth, we fed our hopes. We skated, we whistled, we read, we wrote, we went out in town, we ate and drank—but didn't get drunk. Such was our Christmas.

> Louis Freeman, writing from Worcester College, says he spent a dry Christmas, and that the people up north did not even know—O shame!—did not even know what one meant by eggnog. . . . We have very cold weather now, and plenty of skating, the ice being nearly three feet thick. . . . The excitement of the forthcoming fourth of March is at its apex. Have you heard anything about the Negro insurrections? They are rife in Charles County, but there are strong patrols always on the road. Northern abolitionists are supposed to be the instigators.

The "fourth of March" to which he referred was the inauguration of President James Buchanan.

James Pye Neale, or Pye Neale as he was known to his contemporaries, graduated from Georgetown College on July 6, 1859 and was the valedictorian of his class. James Buchanan, the president of the United States, presided at the commencement. A long gap in the letters to his mother now follows. On July 20 following his graduation Neale entered the novitiate of the Maryland Province at Frederick, Maryland. After three years here Mr. Neale taught for one year in Baltimore and six years in Philadelphia.

At Woodstock

In 1869 he commenced his philosophy at Georgetown and was among the pioneers who opened Woodstock College later that same year. Both the next letter written on April 6, most probably in the year 1870, and the succeeding ones were all written from Woodstock and describe his days of philosophy and the work of beautifying the new house. Many family references are also revealed and the emotional character of Pye Neale can be seen, a trait which had much to do with his eventual departure from the Society. The stationery of the letter of April 6 is rather unique. The paper is folded into a four-by-six sheet and bears the first picture of Woodstock College at the top of the page. In the course of the letter he said:

> By this time I hope we have all learned the necessity of labor and will bring up children no longer to idleness. Constant employment is the best training for youth, hearty work and hearty play interspersed. We of the

old generations of southern people were injured by not being kept steadily at work when we were young. How much more gladly would I look back to have waited on you, to have brought water, chopped wood, etc., instead of having servants attending to me as well as to you. I should feel proud to remember having done something more than receive favors from you.

Woodstock. January 5, 1871. There are 120 in the community. . . . The chapel was decorated for Christmas with 1,500 yards of greens. . . . The crib was erected in the parlor. Statues of Our Lady, St. Joseph, the angels (big and little), shepherds of all sizes, sexes and ages; sheep, goats, dogs, all made in Naples and presented by a friend. Bethlehem, backed by rocks, range of mountains, with clouds painted by a Scholastic. Hills, cave with snow-capped roof, a real fountain (a yard high), real pine trees on the rocks. Open to the public.

Charles County people made a public protest against the spoliation of the Holy Father and published it in the *Mirror*. It was worthy of the old place, or at least to be expected that they should do something of the kind. The county is looking up, materially and spiritually, at the same time.

Woodstock. September 3, 1871. The house retreat was given in elegant Latin. . . . The teachers from Georgetown and Loyola Colleges spent their vacations at St. Inigoes and had a delightful time. . . .

Rosecroft, lately belonging to the Hardy family, has been given to the Sisters of the Sacred Heart and they will open a school there. There are fifteen applications already. A lady of the Hardy family has joined the Order. . . .

I told you, I believe, that Miss Jennie Neale, Nellie and Hortense Digges are to open a school at Mt. Airy. There are five applications for matriculation. My advice to them is to go and join the Order of the Sacred Heart and be done with it. . . .

Fr. Vicinanza has been moved from St. Thomas to Leonardtown. He was up lately and I asked him about everybody from Glymont to Newport. Aunt Mary and the three Thomas ladies live with Dr. C. H. Pye. Mass

is still said in the church your father built. All the old Pyes are buried in the yard near it. It made my hair stand on end with enthusiasm when I looked at the graves of so many holy, truly holy, members of the family. For God's sake, take care of the children in Texas and let them know how good and pious their ancestors were; how charity and mildness made them fall from princely wealth into poverty. It remained for the modern generations to put the stigma of dissipation on the old escutcheon. Olivia was with Edmonia at "Longevity" and there they might now be living rich and happy, but for a fool's advice. The next Pye that wishes to marry his cousin should be bastinadoed, hunted and ridden on a rail to Van Dieman's Land. We'll have whole batches of young donkies branded with a *P*, to show that they are of the Pye ranch, if that thing goes on any longer. . . .

Father Stonestreet spent a day here recently and told me something that may interest you. Cousin Nick last December woke up suddenly from sleep after midnight in a terrible perspiration, and saw standing before the bed on which he lay, his dead sister Filomena and in the Visitation habit. He rubbed his eyes and sat up, but there she stood, and as she moved towards the door, he followed till she disappeared. Not to disturb his wife, who was in a delicate condition, he said to himself: "As I am up, I will wake the boys for hog killing". He superintended that most unideal work till near breakfast time when word was brought to him that his wife had been delivered of a daughter. He went immediately to the house and was met inside by a nurse with the child in her arms, but, wonderful to say, there in broad daylight this man of business and practical lawyer could see no infant but Sister Filomena in her nun's dress, and no straining of eyes could dispel the vision. Of course he wondered a great deal. The child has been named Filomena and has been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. . . .

Rosecroft, mentioned in the above letter was on the northern side of the mouth of St. Inigoes Creek. Some who spent their villa at St. Inigoes will remember it as the home of

Captain Kennedy. The Sacred Heart school did not prosper; one factor was the refusal of Father Provincial for reasons not stated, to allow the Fathers at St. Inigoes to undertake the duties of chaplain.

> Woodstock. November 14, 1871. I went with some Scholastics lately to see the new Mount Hope building, and it was well worth the twenty mile walk.
>
> Woodstock. December 3, 1871. Your old friend Father Matthews (and I may add, relative) was disinterred lately (about three weeks ago) for removal to a new grave yard, for old St. Patrick's is to be demolished and a fine new church raised in its place. Father M's body was incorrupt, so that a great many of his old friends had the pleasure of looking on his face and recognized him easily. He was buried in 1854, you will remember. . . .
>
> The Sisters of the Sacred Heart opened last September down at St. Inigoes. . . .
>
> The Maryland elections went pretty much as they should have done. A piece of bigotry was very nicely foiled in Howard County. The Methodists, because Mr. Carroll (the descendant of Charles Carroll of Carrollton) is a Catholic, determined to crush him and nominated one of the "class leaders" and moved every stone to be successful, but it was all for nothing. . . .

The incorruption of Father Matthews' body was petrification, due to the silica-bearing water from the springs in that locality. When the foundation was dug for the Gonzaga auditorium in 1896, springs, which are still flowing, were uncovered and also quantities of petrified wood.

> Woodstock. January 7, 1872. Your talk about "old times" was particularly suited to the season. A few such letters written by our old people in the counties would be historically valuable. I had a plan of getting Uncle Charlie to write down all that he had heard or seen, and I know that the old man would have been delighted at the task of putting his family traditions and reminiscences into clear and orderly form for the perusal of coming generations. Unhappily, records are not the only things that Marylanders have been careless of.
>
> We can scarcely realize the grand old set who, a few

generations back, were sending their children to Europe to be educated, who acted like noble men and lived like saints. Though that day with its glory is gone, you have children who can be taught a lesson, a good solid lesson, from the sufferings of their parents. You ought to drive the lesson home to them and tell them that the Pyes of old allowed their generosity and good-heartedness to smother their prudence, that where a father with four strong sons and fifty servants fell from affluence to poverty (at Oakland) now one young man with hired hands is piling up money with ease (Frank Hamilton). Does this sound too worldly—too much as if money were the main thing? Money enables one to keep select company and to obtain good education and do many good works, and good people ought to have plenty of it, though they should be willing to throw millions away to please God.

Woodstock. April 20, 1872. The spoiling, I think, is in the character and previous life of a boy when there is no special difficulty about his college life. Georgetown is now a hundred miles ahead of what it used to be in morality and discipline. I am dying to hear that Dick is there and has a year saved. If possible, by any way or measure, let him not suffer the horror of a shabby appearance. Dress him well. It helps a boy along wonderfully at college to be respectably dressed. See to it yourself that he be attended to on this point and make sure of it. I, who have been around colleges since '52 and before, in one way or another, know this to be true.

Woodstock. May 5, 1872. A friend bought in Paris the grandest monstrance I ever set eyes on. . . . The altars in Loyola are of marble and statues imported from Italy. The crucifix of papier mâché is lifelike, life-size and colored most artistically. It was brought from Italy by Father Paresce to be carried around on great missions and set up in the church of the mission.

Theology

Since Mr. Neale had seven years of regency immediately after his juniorate we find him passing directly from phi-

losophy to theology in the Summer of 1872, and so his letters continue from Woodstock.

Woodstock. March 21, 1873. I wish you could see the work being done on our grounds here. I have a share in the rougher part of the work. Last week I was engaged in getting a wild honey-suckle, or more properly an azalea, ten feet high, with all the earth around the roots, up the hill. Five of us could not manage it, and a mule and a cart being brought to the rescue, poor old "Kate" slipped up at her first step on the frozen ground, and three of us were nearly "murdered" getting her up on her pins again. She was allowed to munch chopped corn for the rest of that day. The next day I went four miles down the river with a wagon. We dug up thirty-five little holly trees and they are now struggling with the wind on the brow of our hill where "plot bands" have been laid out for ornamental shrubbery. In front of the house of course an ornamental fountain, then further out a fifteen-foot vase, and at distances around, seven statues, flowers, etc., in proper places. The expenses for these things are being borne by a kind friend, for we have no money to spend on such unnecessary things, and we are content to get outside and inside living for the body. We have about a dozen Italians working for us. They are a quiet, pious, honest, well-intentioned set of men. You know they were swindled in New York and we took them in out of charity and managed to give them work.

Woodstock. April 20, 1873. We have put down hundreds of ornamental trees, erected five splendid vases, the gift of a friend. In the midst of our lawn, around which winds a road planted on both sides with alternate arbor vitae and Norway spruce, is a raised and sodded plateau on which are the grand twelve-foot high center vase and eight-feet corner ones, with the exquisite angels holding shells on their heads for flowers. Everything is the gift of a friend. . . .

I endorse your sentiments about St. George and England. It is not wonderful that we who are as English as English can be for generations back should be at-

tached to the great, old, wicked, splendid motherland. We are sorry for her, but we do not hate her.

Woodstock. August 2, 1873. I wish I could send you a photograph of our garden with the Sacred Heart standing in the center. If I can get one of my own I shall certainly send it. They cost twenty-five cents, I believe. . . .

The class to which I belong is to be ordained on the 20th of December coming. . . .

Woodstock. August 26, 1873. I am delighted to be able to send you a picture of the statue erected in the center of our garden on the 20th of June last. The copy is a rejected one and the only kind I could get, as I can not raise twenty-five cents to pay for a good one. . . .

In our little cluster of huts at Woodstock there are fifty-eight children. Twelve children in one family is common here. Scarcely any one ever dies except of old age or by a railroad accident.

Woodstock. November 15, 1873. I told you in my last letter, which by this time must have reached you, of the tremendous change that is to be worked on me by the hands of our Archbishop on the 12th of December. I hope you will give me the aid of those prayers to which I attribute most of the good things that have happened to me in my life. I hope you will give some more of those prayers that an interior and complete change may be effected in me.

Woodstock. March 20, 1874. I can not help thinking how sad it is that while that poor old colored woman who was the first one to whom I gave Communion had many zealous men and women looking after her and instructing her, the descendants of old and glorious ancestry, whose family has kept the faith through bloody martyrdom, should grow up and get married without even making their first Communion. Mixed marriages can do more harm than the sword of the executioner. The saddest thing you have ever written in your letters was the account of the religious ignorance in which our young relatives have been suffered to grow up. They have been taught all sorts of sciences and arts except the first and most important—their catechism, and that among well-

educated Catholic parents and relatives. It is hard to understand.

I taught the little Negroes when I was a boy and have taught night schools to street Arabs, and still teach our darkies here one hour every night their prayers, catechism, reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing, and there is nobody to instruct my relatives in what they need most to know.

The Pyes in England that had gone over to Protestantism have been coming back of late years, while it looks as if in one more generation their relatives in America would desert the old faith. . . .

Father Stonestreet was very well when I last heard from him though he has too much of the drag and haul of a parish priest to attend to. Father Curley is still at Georgetown College and digs in his garden. He performs pretty much the same round of duties as of old. He was lame a year ago but has now thrown away his crutches and taken a new start. Father Maguire is still doing a giant's work, though there are broad lines of gray in his locks.

Woodstock. June 6, 1874. Two of our servants have just returned from a visit to Charles County, and I was talking to one this morning who heard Mass last Sunday at St. Thomas'. He describes them just as you knew them to be years ago. He saw Uncle Robert and all the people, old and young, from both sides of the creek, of African and non-African descent.

Young Frank Digges is working a farm. George, who would make a fortune out west or down south, is almost starving. Eugene Digges, than whom there are scarcely one hundred better educated men in the country, though district attorney, does poorly. There are too many trying to live on brain work where there is very little demand for such work. Hanging around that dead country was not in the nature of your father's children or grandchildren. Though the memory of Frank's terrible death makes me shudder, still it might have been, if possible, worse if he had remained stagnating in Charles County.

Mrs. Middleton is at last relieved of her sufferings

and left her property to Frank Posey. He was to have married Emma Jameson of Newport, but because of his not appearing at the last moment, the bride fainted away, and her brother and others trotted away to Prince George's County to bring up the bridegroom to face the music. They found him in Alexandria, would not hear his apologies, and appointed him one week to get ready for carrying out his contract. There is very little romance in the county except of the heartbreaking kind. I can not tell how I feel as I count over the fine fellows and young dames that have not met with anything but bitter disappointment, whose forelife was spent in blind frivolity and idleness and whose afterlife is one dreary round of unconsoled, unfamiliar drudgery. Most of them bear it in a religious spirit and it has elevated and bettered them spiritually, so that I hope that God has yet some good blessing in store for them, though that will be better if deferred to the next life. . . .

A Neale from Cobb Neck was elected Mother at the Georgetown Academy lately, but refused to accept. . . .

We are putting our grounds in order. A grand colossal statue of Our Lord as He appeared to B. Margaret Mary goes in front of the house; a bronze St. Joseph, holding a beautiful Infant, little over life-size—an excellent figure and countenance—stands at the east end. A statue of Our Lady, of corresponding height, at the west. How happy I would be if a friend of mine could have the honor of putting the angel guardian at the back door? Our back door, however, is no mean place, at least will not be when the back yard is finished. . . .

We had all the boys from Loyola and some from Georgetown out with us on Thursday after Whitsunday. They played baseball, took dinner in the shade near a spring, rowed in our boats on the river, and enjoyed themselves with all the wildness of city boys unused to the freshness and freedom of the country. They came, packed away in carry-alls with teachers, cooks, and waiters; a hack accompanying containing the President. You can imagine the howling, shouting, and singing along the fifteen miles to Baltimore.

Woodstock. June 30, 1874. You speak of a letter of

Sister's and ask if I would like to see it. Why, I would wear it as a relic. I have no memento of her and what could be more appropriate than a letter of hers whose letters to me at Georgetown College were beyond all value in every way. I saw her grave four years ago when we walked the thirty-nine miles to Frederick, and felt glad to see where it was. Think of poor Frank lying in a Presbyterian church yard. It makes me start right up with horror. The descendant of old Catholic ancestors, who bled for the faith, to be lying there among heretics. . . .

I suppose you read in the papers about the pilgrimage to White Marsh, for Frank Leslie had pictures of it and there were reporters on the ground from the *Tribune* and the *Herald.*

We lately erected a fine statue of the Blessed Virgin (about seven feet high). There is a plot of grass with ellipses cut for flowers, in the middle of a tall mound, two blocks of granite on which there is a metal pedestal and then the statue. It is at top of the hill just as the road enters the garden. It is all shaded by fine oaks and poplars. An angel with a vase of hanging petunias stands at each corner and four vases are set to match, lower down.

At Loyola in Baltimore

The status of 1874 sent Father Neale to Loyola in Baltimore where he taught rhetoric and poetry for two years, and his next letter is as follows:

Loyola College, Baltimore. March 14, 1875. I saw Dickie at Georgetown last week and was delighted with him. I could not talk to him at all for every word he uttered brought tears to my eyes. When he began to speak of "Cousin Frank" I had to stop him, and turn him short to some other subject, for all the boys were looking at us. If we had been alone I would have let him talk on and just cried my eyes out. It would have done me so much good. One of the afflictions of my life is to have no power to conceal my feelings and to feel every little thing in such a way that people think I am crazy. . . .

So many farms in Cedar Point have been taken by colored persons (as tenants) that we thought of getting Fred Douglas to buy us out.

Loyola College, Baltimore. May 16, 1875. It is Whitsunday, and after renewing vows at six, attending the boys at seven, who begin today the six Sundays of St. Aloysius, giving Communion twice, besides at my own Mass at eight, then posting off in a carriage to St. Martin's at West End to help in the ten-thirty Mass, then refusing a carriage and walking home so as to be with the family at dinner, I feel free until five, when I will go over to assist in the May procession of the Colored Sisters, after which we will have our own grand evening service of Vespers, May devotions, and solemn Benediction. . . .

The boys are inviting me every day to go fishing, promising to supply lines, worms, eatables and everything. Dear kind darlings, they are too good for me. What do you think a little stammerer gave me the other day? A bottle of cologne. If he had been older I might have regarded it as a hint, as one of the boys did a cake of brown soap that he received at Christmas.

In 1875 Father Neale went to Cold Spring, Pennsylvania, for the villa. This was a run-down old resort in the region of Harrisburg, that seems to have been left to St. Joseph's College. It did not prove satisfactory and seems to have been sold about 1880. Father Neale wrote:

Cold Spring Villa, Pearson, Lebanon County, Penn. July 7, 1875. Dick has gone to Charles County and will soon be telling you about all of his experiences there. Unfortunately things are at a low ebb for the Pyes. The Neales are little better, and the Digges nearly as badly off. There can scarcely be a day of resurrection for any of them in that land. . . .

Well, you ought to see the place where we are. In the coal regions of Pennsylvania, between two mountain ridges, like a boat in the trough of the waves. The scenery on the way to this place is the prettiest I have seen and at the same time most varied. Harrisburg was a prettier place than I expected. We stayed there some hours admiring churches and the State House where

the Pennsylvania legislature pulls wires and sells votes. We expect Bishop Shanahan to spend some days here, as we are in his diocese. There is no dwelling within many miles of us, the woody mountain ranges stretching far off in uncultivated native ruggedness. They say that bears and rattlesnakes are found about here.

Having returned to Baltimore after the villa, Father Neale wrote, on August 21, 1875:

After the overwhelming grandeur and splendor of the larger cities I am glad to be back in old quiet Baltimore. Baltimore is one of the fastest growing cities of the country and is losing some of its simplicity.

Loyola College, Baltimore. October 10, 1875. I have been over to Georgetown College and had a talk with Father Stonestreet. He is as cheerful and healthy as possible, bringing down his fat by the method of Dr. Bantung. Though he says he is now sixty, at which age the Church exempts from fasting (women at fifty), he intends to take advantage of an old man's privilege, not be very hard on himself as he has hitherto been. . . .

We have about 120 as fine boys as ever lived. Education is everything. You can easily pick out the boys whose parents do their duty, without knowing anything about them except what you can get from observing their behavior.

Loyola College, Baltimore. November 8, 1875. We have 130 boys. I have started the practice of reading prayers at Mass every day from the Roman missal, translated, so that there is conformity with the priest, so much praised by the saints, and variety in the matter, so much liked by boys.

The next letter was written from Woodstock on July 23, 1876, saying:

You may not remember that you wrote me a letter just after my graduation at college, urging me to study out my vocation and exhorting me to follow it. The letter only reached me when I had the habit of the Society, and I read it in the garden of the novices. I was lately reading over that precious letter in which you spoke as one inspired by the Holy Ghost. . . .

I am, by a singular favor, passing my vacation at this

blessed house in company with all the devout friends of my youth who took their first vows with me and all now ordained like myself, after sixteen years of all sorts of experiences.

We will start next Thursday, 23rd of July, for St. Inigoes where we will have two weeks on the salt water....

A great number of young men have been sent to the Centennial and when they come back we gather around and "pump" them, to get out of them all the marvels they have seen and adventures they have met. Last year in August I was driven through the Centennial grounds by some boys who used to be in my class, and on last 22nd of February a gentleman paid my fare and took me over to Philadelphia to see the buildings and illumination of the city on that day. To stand in the main building, exactly as it then was, and look over its eighteen hundred feet of length, and its twenty-one acres of level flooring, was an experience that is hard to tell anything about....

I had arranged with a gentleman to attend the exhibition of Notre Dame of Maryland, where we would have seen General Grant and the Archbishop together, but rain prevented....

At Georgetown

In the summer of 1876 he was changed to Georgetown, and wrote on December 30:

I had my hands full up to the last of the school days. Then I started for Alexandria. Said the High Mass on Christmas Eve and preached at it. Heard confessions at night until bed time. Got up at four next day. Sang a solemn High Mass at five o'clock, at which there were three hundred Communions (to the dozen that used to be a few years ago). At ten o'clock I sang another High Mass.

Georgetown College. May 9, 1877. A little boy to whom I was giving private lessons in Greek (great grandson of Thomas Jefferson) got very sick lately; so sick that we feared that we would lose him. His mother

and father came on and, to our great relief, he recovered and we sent him home to recruit. The weather is not at all like May weather. I have a fire in my room all the time and wear a cloak when I go out.

Georgetown College. June 13, 1877. Old St. Patrick's has been torn down and the new St. Patrick's rises majestically on nearly the same site. . . .

You know there is a grand new Visitation Convent built in Washington to which they are soon to move, after twenty-six years' stay in their dear little old family-like residence.

The Visitation Convent which was new in 1877 occupied the block bounded by Connecticut Avenue and 17th Street, L and De Sales Streets, and was then quite removed from downtown activity. The Convent and school remained until about 1918, and Fathers from Georgetown served as chaplains. That city block is now occupied by the Mayflower Hotel and the name "De Sales" is a memento of the Convent's existence.

In the summer of 1877 Father Neale, while in charge of the parish at Bushwood, wrote from Leonardtown on August 21:

I have been up to my congregation and back three times since I wrote to you last. This last time I had the usual variety of interesting experiences, some sad but nearly all joyful. I found that three had been buried while I was away, to two of whom I had given the Viaticum, and to one the last sacraments. They were well prepared. I blessed their graves with consolation.

But I must tell you that I have been sleeping around in the houses and renewing remembrances of what used to take place at home, when we lived at Lochleven. There is a part of the parish miles and miles away from the church where there are a great many old persons who can not get to the church. I went to the house on Friday evening, stayed all night, ate an old country supper, had a good sleep and the next morning went into the parlor, where we had, the day before (I and a widow lady, the oldest in the house) arranged the altar with vestments, chalice, etc., all of which belonged to the lady herself, who bought them from a Mrs. Neale who went to Texas last year. There were over thirty Communions

and baptisms—a whole Protestant family at once "dipped." There is no end to the confessions, Communions, baptisms, etc. I'll say Mass at another private house next week.

My parish had a dinner last Wednesday and I rode down to it. It was really well gotten up, and the ladies and gents all deserve the greatest praise. We had it in a big barn—a splendid place, plenty of shade and freedom and a large smooth-floored room for dancing. They began to dance right after dinner, with three fiddles and a banjo. I had to leave early; but they kept up the fun long after my departure. One part of the sport was a speech from an old crazy gent called "Boss Bailey," who imagines himself a candidate for all sorts of high offices. I do not dine out at all, nor visit, as I see no special fruit from such things, and it is an expensive way of making the acquaintance. I have two boys that come daily to take lessons in Latin and Greek, and I teach a colored boy at night, and over all the good Brother expects me to superintend wine-making, and putting up of tomatoes, etc., so that I do not know where I am half the time.

9:30 P.M. I had to stop to say litanies, examine my worthless conscience and prepare matter for tomorrow's meditation. In the meantime a letter was put on my table—orders to be in Baltimore next Wednesday. So I am not to stay in the blessed old counties.

Assigned to the Counties

He was wrong about leaving the counties, for the orders in Baltimore sent him to White Marsh in Prince George's County, and on September 8 he wrote:

Collington Post Office. I arrived here yesterday in a rain storm. . . . Poor people around here in abundance and we must share their poverty. Two little girls were in at Mass this morning and three at catechism (preparing for First Communion), despite the rain which has favored the farmers and ducks for three days. I had a grand, most pleasant, and edifying time down at Leonardtown and grew to admire the splendid people in the two congregations I attended.

October 13, 1877. I saw the Park Street Sisters lately and had a fine talk; they all wished to be remembered to you. Sister Xavier has gone to Washington to "boss" the new convent there.

Father Neale's stay at White Marsh was not very long and his next assignment was St. Inigoes, St. Mary's County. He wrote:

St. Inigoes. January 30, 1878. Off last Friday at 4 P.M. on a sick call, eighteen miles through rain and dark and mud. Saved from neck or leg breaking by the providential grasp of the young man I took along in the buggy. Gave last sacraments to ten; married three (couples), twenty miles apart; arranged for two more couples; baptized a man of twenty-two, and a baby; arranged for several to enter the Church; said Mass across the Patuxent in Calvert County, gave Communion to some fifty, etc.; on the rush all the time, grabbing meals and beds where I could get them.

Back today, Wednesday, found a handful of letters, but proof sheets of prayer book on which I am working did not arrive. Many letters to write and little matters to arrange before starting off again day after tomorrow. I have managed to call on several sick people. A girl who died last week was conscious only till she had finished her confession and then—blank. Candles to be blessed and a thousand arrangements to be made when I get back to St. Nicholas.

I tell you all this to show why the cultivation of bulbs is not indulged in by the present dwellers in St. Inigoes. We have to scratch for a living. With your letter came one from Charles H. Pye begging a loan of ten dollars. I'll send all I can scrape. . . .

We see from the above letter that Father Neale had been given the distant parishes of the St. Inigoes' residence, which meant that he had to drive about seven and a half miles, over abominable roads in bad weather, before reaching his nearest parishioners, those around Park Hall, and then another three and a half miles to Great Mills. Three miles north of Great Mills was the church of St. Nicholas; the greater part of the parish is now covered by the Patuxent Naval Base, with the church being used as a post chapel. We

also see from Father Neale's letter that, when opportunity offered, he crossed the Patuxent, several miles wide at this point, to say Mass for the Catholics in that section of Calvert County. Some four miles south of Great Mills is the parish of St. George's at Valley Lee. After another four and a half miles one comes to the strait separating St. George's Island from the mainland, and on the island is the church of St. Francis Xavier. The present writer had some experiences in these same parishes in 1922, but with an automobile; and only some personal experience enables one to appreciate the hardships of the horse-and-buggy days over wretched roads.

The province catalogue of 1879-1880 puts Father Pye Neale at St. Inigoes, and combining this with a letter from Frederick, dated September 17, 1879, we gather that his tertianship did not consist of much more than the long retreat.

> Frederick. September 17, 1879. I am in old Frederick town again. Though I have not visited my sister's grave in the convent enclosure, I said the first black Mass I could for the repose of her soul. I know that I owe her a great deal. This is a heaven on earth. . . . There are a great many things here to recall the past. Old St. John's College, where so many Charles County boys went to school, the old families still about, with whom they boarded. Judge Taney's grave in the garden in which we recreate daily, the Blue Ridge Mountains that are visible from the back piazza at Mt. Airy. I feel at home in Frederick, doubly more on account of the years of noviceship passed here. I left here at the beginning of the war and of course feel an interest in noting all marks of the great conflict. I read the names of several hundred Confederates on a line of tombstones yesterday, and you know with what emotions. Poor fellows! Far from home, but well treated by the nuns and Jesuit novices; most of them converted before they died.
>
> I have come here to make what is called my last probation. We begin a thirty-day retreat tomorrow and leave the world for the desert—nothing but prayers and good reading and meditation from 5:30 A.M. to 10 P.M., and not one word spoken, and then the probability is that I will be sent back to St. Inigoes.

Father Neale's surmise in regard to his status was correct; his next letter was from St. Inigoes on November 28, 1879.

> I have, by the count, twenty-six letters to be answered at once, and have to start off to St. George's (twenty miles distant) where I'll stay three days, sleeping in the sacristy, and far from able to write letters or do anything civilized. This lazy old slavery-cursed land is as uncivilized in many respects as if Lord Baltimore had arrived last year. This reminds me that I baptized a baby last Monday named Leonard Calvert Cecil. When I went to put it in the register it came right after the name of Jacob Calvert. I have lost all my reverence for the Calverts. True and deep history does not make them show well. Whenever I pass over the site of old St. Mary's City (as I will tomorrow) and see no sign of the old town left, though I pass right in front of where the old town hall stood (now a seeded wheat field), I feel that the punishment of God on half-hearted Catholicity is there. Maryland Catholicity was a sickly thing from the beginning; but since the war it has begun to improve. They still have the old spirit of starving their priests. I had two tournaments, two dinners and a raffle, but from all realized very little, because we had bad weather each time. One of my parishioners will pay her pew rent in turkeys.
>
> I have had a new picture of "Our Lady of Perpetual Help" put up in St. Nicholas, and will have a grand frame put to it this week. The altar will also be regilded and painted. A young Irishman does these jobs for nothing and paints the churches from roof to floor, not charging a cent. An Irishman down here volunteers to support a priest for his church by himself. Give me the Irish—they are the only true Catholics. I expect to have a triduum at St. Nicholas before the Immaculate Conception. I have bought a crib for Christmas, and the life of Christ in figures to be set up in groups, illustrating various scenes in Our Lord's life. These will be good for teaching catechism to those who can not read. I have my darkies singing in quartet and find it very little trouble to teach them.
>
> My latest idea is to have a floating chapel, a steam-

boat with a chapel on board. A young man in Boston undertakes to collect twenty-five hundred dollars for it, and will get Ben Butler to lecture for me. He thinks it will cost fifteen thousand dollars, but I will buy an old boat for a thousand dollars and rig her up nicely. The old *Columbia* sold last week for one thousand dollars. My next idea is to get spirited hard-working colonists to take land in the counties. We have one form of colony already. Two hundred and seventy children from New York have been distributed in Maryland. The people who adopt them are generally very well pleased with them. Two Sisters of Charity from New York were down last week and I had the pleasure of accompanying them on a tour of inspection to see how their children were doing. I wish I could get them to establish themselves here and open a Catholic school. . . . The grand new building at Georgetown is up to the roof.

Undated Letters from St. Inigoes

Father Neale frequently failed to put the year on the date of his letters, but there are some extracts which are worth recording.

St. Inigoes. Just about to sit down to write to you after getting off a letter to Eustace and here comes a sick call twenty miles away that will not let me come home for three or four days.

December 14. Just starting on a fifty mile ride. Mass at Piney Point before I get back.

St. Inigoes. December 29. Busiest time of the year. Four sermons in three days and two more before the end of the week. Keeps me lively if the several hundred confessions and four marriages and a funeral, etc., didn't do it. Leaving very heavy in heart on twenty-nine sick calls. This is life! Real life! I love it. The people treat me like a king; are as kind as if I were everybody's relative.

St. Inigoes. January 24 (probably 1880). I received a letter from a widow, along with yours, saying she had difficulty getting a piece of paper to write on. She belonged to one of the richest families in the state; but

in a week or two her last property will be sold for debt. I was stopped on the road by another woman with seven children, to whom I gave all the money I had and some biscuits, sausages, butter, sauce, cheese, etc., that I had picked up in my travels. There are the most urgent calls on all sides of us. A little orphan girl was dumped down and left in our yard yesterday, and is staying with our black cook. We have gotten homes in Maryland for about three hundred orphan children picked off the streets of New York, and generally they are getting along splendidly. . . .

The St. Mary river is covered with ice that has been there for three or four weeks. Icebergs are formed on shore by the wind and tide. Very few ducks. A black man gave me two lately; I gave one of them to a sick man and the other to the poor woman mentioned above. I have received a present of six turkeys and a big Cochin chicken and will get a game rooster next week. That is the way they pay pew rent nowadays.

I think of turning an old store into a church and calling it the chapel of the Holy Name, on account of a picture I will hang in it, with the name of God on it in Hebrew, Latin and Greek.

St. Inigoes. February 25. I once imagined that I had tied a horse to a fence and, a few minutes after, I found that I had not when he tore away and broke my buggy. . . .

We have had the deepest of snows and now the profoundest of mud. I have been constantly on the road. It is always my luck to be out in big rains and storms, and so I always go bundled up like an Esquimau, prepared for the worst. . . .

St. Inigoes. March 7. You are off the track when you put the Pyes behind the Neales and Taneys. A Pye girl married a lord in England; their daughter, another lord; and their daughter again married Henry IV, whose son was Henry V of Shakespeare fame. Lords of Kilpeck castle were the Pyes from the time of the Norman conquest. Their name is not their original one—that I have not heard, but it is Welsh "Ap-Hugh" (son of Hugh) the same as McHugh and Fitzgerald. It became

Pugh, but the Welsh pronounce *u* as long *i*—therefore Pugh and Pye are the same. One Pye was a poet laureate of England, but no great shakes, the poorest of all of them, though very learned. To have kept the faith in England is a title to the highest nobility—to lose it in Texas is the opposite.

St. Inigoes. July 13. I can hear the Scholastics tramping up and down the brick wall. Crowds are coming in from the boats, etc. They have a big tent pitched alongside our house for outdoor recreation. Their glee club and band give splendid vocal and instrumental music.

We had a High Mass at the church on Sunday. And as old Mrs. Langley, my dear friend at whose house I have so often stayed even weeks at a time, had often said, "When I am buried, I want to have the Jesuits all in church and have them sing Mass over me," I came as near as I could to granting her wish. As I was celebrant of the Mass I said it for her, and so informed her husband who had come ten miles to receive Communion. I would have felt bad not to have seen her wish carried out; for she was one worthy of everything. She had a whole day visit from her favorite Maria Cecil the day before she died. When a little girl, she used to drive the old patriarch Father Carbery in his buggy, used to read to him in their house, and used to feel his immense double chin with her little hand. She has always been a great favorite of the Jesuits and trained four orphan boys for the novitiate, two of whom were models, even in that holy house. I can not tell how I will miss her in every way. The last time I stayed all night at her house and said Mass in her room, there were more than twenty darkies (many of them her old slaves) who showered the most tender attention and marks of affection on her. This was five days before she died. She was lifted into the kitchen where she superintended the making of my most favorite kind of pudding and said it made her sick to see them so awkward about it. She made me bless her as I went out of the door for the last time.

St. Inigoes. Undated. Just back from St. George's

(twenty miles) where I stayed five days to prepare all who might come for confirmation. Took two Protestants into the Church while there. Start in two hours for St. Nicholas (fourteen miles) with old Jack Straw, a slow horse. My young horse turned me out a week ago and cured me of the chills, but hurt his own foot kicking the buggy to pieces. He is a splendid horse and I will raffle him off to help to build a church to St. Michael near Point Lookout. I must begin to pack up.

St. Inigoes. April 4. We have had several consoling conversions lately in our little congregations. Nearly all the Protestants who become engaged to my Catholic parishioners enter the Church before marriage. . . .

In Baltimore lately, at our church, Father Maguire gave a mission at which there were seven thousand communions, twenty-nine converts, two hundred new members admitted to the Sodality, etc. That is the kind of work Father Maguire is always doing, all over the country.

St. Inigoes. November 13, 1880. It grieves me to hear that you are suffering from the cold. I am in the same fix. I need three stoves. The stove in the place where I sit at home is so far gone that I take tomato cans, remove the heads, and put them around the pipe. I have five on my single section of pipe.

At the Factory, my new chapel of the Angel Guardians, I wrap up well with a blanket when I hear confessions, for I can see through the floor and sides of the walls, and have no fire.

At St. Nicholas I have put up, or intend to try to put up, an old broken stove, the holes filled with a plaster of salt and ashes, which the ladies of the church took down in summer for fear that visitors would see it. So you see I am poorly off in the stove line—to say nothing of St. George's where it smokes so that I have often in cold weather to raise the window or put out the fire and go to bed early.

If I could have foreseen that your other sons would not support you, I could not have entered religion. I threatened Frank that if he did not do something for you I would have to leave the Society of Jesus, as I

was not at that time in Holy Orders; but he begged me not to do it, said he would be able to support you, and went to see you soon after with money for you. Eustace, after I made the same threat, began to send you money. Eight dollars would buy you a coal oil stove, which would be the easiest managed; but eight cents are hard to get here. I say Mass daily to pay for the house in which I live. The people expect me to travel day and night in order to give them the sacraments—all for nothing. Two or three decent people of the Captain Neale type are the support of the churches. The Captain's daughters are struggling along and, with the Digges, living very poorly. All in the counties are poor.

St. Inigoes. April 20, 1881. I rush from one end of the county to the other. Saturday last, after a week through the rain, fifty miles at a clip, I go up six miles to see a group of people, seven of whom wish to enter the Church; see three other families in the same place; strike for the post office, several more miles, calling at a place or two.

At church, my waiter sick; people for confession; baby to baptize; man, thirty-two years old, to enter the Church and get married, making the sixth marriage I have on hand at present. Thank God there will be two nuptial Masses, as there should always be. The parties in one marriage are both to be baptized and then married.

I say office and next morning some fifty confessions, two Masses, catechism, business affairs about church improvements. Plan for a missionary trip broken up by a fever after Mass, and the Calvert County people will look across the Patuxent in vain for me and my Irish fiddler. Out before sunrise to give Easter Communion to old people that could not walk to church, then some thirty others at church to be heard, then Mass, then off to the shore to see an important case. Meet little children who let out just the thing about which I wish to scold the mother, and I meet her on the shore and get along quite well with her.

Call on an important helper of the church and arrange plans; strike for a place called California, six miles off, and meet gangs of my colored people on the road, and as

my buggy is full of blessed palms I give all hands a piece. They come out to the gates and hold up their little children for me to see, and ask them if they "know who that is?" I get to California after meeting a man who has a good deal of liquor in him, who gives me a lecture, saying he and several others won't come to church unless I do something differently. The boys are playing at the school house and I get one to feed my horse. Go into the school house and hear the girls read; the teacher, whom I baptized two years ago, asked me if I have Protestant relations.

I take dinner with Mrs. Cecil; arrange to come up for Mass (twenty miles) next week; see D. about his little daughter who wants a home; see about old Mrs. K. who has not walked for months; meet old J. C. with Emily and tell him to make his Easter next week; have a good talk in the store; have a long talk in the road with a very smart Methodist whose child I refuse to baptize unless he promises it shall be raised a Catholic. Down the Three Notch road at 1:30 P.M. for home; pass the tents of the railroad surveyors; meet Lucy and husband and give them a talking to. Drop in at Mrs. U. to see about chairs she is to cover for me at the church; leave the material which Mrs. Key has presented, give a cent to each of the boys and girls and an egg apiece, pay a bill for tree planting, call in to arrange with a lady for her husband's funeral Mass; meet man driving a steer and give him a letter that I have carried in my pocket for a week; leave a book, like the black one I sent you, for the man who carries the mail.

Men all drunk around the post office. I drive through them fast; one fellow falls off his horse in the middle of the road and reaches up his hand, as he sees me, to shake hands, his mouth all bleeding. I apologize and go by at a gallop. Meet a man whose wife is to be buried at noon tomorrow; girls at the Academy as I go by, and cadets courting.

Called to see about a marriage—"Knocked in the head," says the old man, "she has a husband alive." I dash on after scattering palms and medals among the Catholics and others. Find that a couple have gone by water

to be married by me, but when I get to the church (St. Ignatius) they are gone. Meet on the road a convert that I am preparing and he greatly consoles me by his fervor. Get home towards dark and find that Father Vigilante has gone to Baltimore. Say office, study up some difficult questions of practical theology till I can not hold my eyes open.

Next morning (raining) chink up the boat that leaks terribly and cross the river to Rosecroft to have a contract signed—Sam not at home—his cook treats me badly—bring old Jane Turner back with me, who asks all about my mother, etc. Great crowd at the funeral. I walked up to the church after writing some letters about marriages and gave them to a darky, Joe Neale, to carry to the post office. Tried the organ to see if it was in good order. This is a specimen of my hurly-burly life; no sameness; no day like another; no rest; I am on the road all the time.

St. Inigoes. June 25, 1881. It would have done you good to have gone with me to the poorhouse last week, where I went to see two of my old friends whom I lately took into the Church before they went to that place, of which they had such a dread, but with which they are now well satisfied and would not leave for anything. One of them, Miss Betsy Brady, an old midwife, seventy years old, a bright talker, wanted me to get her a pair of specs, a large print prayer book and some plugs of tobacco, and that was all she cared for in this world. . . .

Confirmation just over; forty-two in St. George's (a congregation of converts) and eighty-nine in St. Nicholas, with a good thirty in the Factory where I hold church in an old store. I will have a balloon raising and a supper at the Factory soon. If you could only see Mrs. Cecil, my great friend, at whose home I always stay. She has a gang that has already made the jubilee twice and they are going to make it twice every month till January, 1882. She gets up novenas and all kinds of devotions in the village, teaches some fifty children on Saturdays and is a kind of religious authority.

St. Inigoes. November 30, 1881. I am in a fidget, about to start on my regular twenty-five mile tramp. As

soon as the rain stops I will be off. Going through the country now is not what it used to be. The people in old times had enough to eat for man and beast and a bed to offer a traveler. You can form no idea of the general run-down, poverty-stricken condition of everything and everybody here. I have been here five years and just beginning to realize it now. Laziness and whiskey are of course at the bottom of it and we will have to wait till the grandchildren of the slave holders are dead before we will have a sensible, practical, hardy set of people. I think the people are a great deal better than they used to be—more religious—and although they have not yet become entirely convinced that priests do not live on air, they support the churches or come nearer to supporting them than they used to do. The man has come for me.

St. Inigoes. September 3, 1882. My plan for serving this country, Virginia and the Eastern shore is to have a floating church. The Catholics are scattered here and there, unable to build churches, and a floating church could minister to the spiritual wants of a hundred neighborhoods at the lowest expense and with the greatest convenience to the priest and the people. I find it a great sport dashing around the country on trips of twenty and thirty miles. It is like a constant picnic. Day before yesterday I started after a woman with heart disease eighteen miles away, took dinner with some splendid people near there, and another sick lady (congestive chills) who had been taken suddenly and did not expect me.

I struck for the Factory village where I have a little girl whom I am trying to get into an asylum. We have given homes in Maryland to 480 orphans from New York City. This little girl is paralyzed. From the Factory, where I looked after my church music and a school for the coming year, appointing a new organist and teacher, my way was to the Forest. The prettiest set of little children in the whole world are in the house where I stopped, and I had great amusement with them. I had to take some of them with me the next morning as guides for some distance. I baptized a baby and attended

the old grandmother, a holy old woman. I was forced to stay with my greatest friend on the road who had some splendid fish for dinner, baptized another baby, visited some very dear children, one of whom serves Mass beautifully, and whom I would like to see educated for the priesthood; saw my little paralytic and gave her a big apple.

Then I struck for home, only twelve miles away, stopping here and there, meeting many. I called in at one of my good converts and had a delightful talk. At the next place I called there was a couple with a two-year old and a little orphan nurse. I gave crosses to the little ones and, as I turned to go, the mother said: "When you come by again I want you to christen me and take me into the Catholic Church." I will go there tomorrow. So I run around. Always more than enough to tend to, but all consoling with very little exception. People here are good.

St. Mary's County

Father Neale's estimate of the people of St. Mary's County seems to have fluctuated according to varying conditions. His project of a floating church merited consideration in those days when much of the travel was by water and the roads were frightful. In the early twenties of this century a "show boat" plied the waters of the Potomac and its tributaries in Maryland and Virginia and drew people for distances of twenty miles. When it was proposed to extend a good road through St. Mary's County at the end of the first World War it met with opposition on the ground that it would cause an increase in taxes.

St. Inigoes. May 31, 1883. It is hard for outsiders to understand the complete prostration of the higher classes of Maryland and Virginia in these tide water districts. One thing they have preserved, thank God, and that is their honest and orderly and peaceful dispositions. Their houses are still open to share their crust with a stranger. We have no robbery or murder amongst us. Everybody is polite and good humored. Bob Freeman tells me that sometimes when he is leaving the state for travel through the South he actually weeps—sheds tears

at the prospect of the hardhearted, selfish, irreligious people among whom he has to go after leaving the gentle, childlike people of St. Mary's.

I have never been much in favor of a railroad through the county for the reason that, while it may bring money and material improvement, it will also bring rascally tramps and other thugs, of whom our people know nothing at the present time. A man said a few years ago, on returning from Arkansas where he had, to the surprise of his friends, sold off a fine estate at a sacrifice: "Why, my dear sir, I would rather live in Maryland than own the whole state of Arkansas." . . .

I had a most delightful time yesterday, and in fact for the past ten days. Father Walker and I have "swapped" pulpits, as the Methodists say, and last Sunday I met my old friends of St. Inigoes, this Sunday, of St. Michael's, which is near Point Lookout and a new church. . . .

I met a Protestant lady on a sick call the day before, who had been raised thirty years ago in the Georgetown Convent. What a style the nuns give their girls! After Mass yesterday when I had talked to everybody, old and young, white and black, in the sacristy, a Baptist woman wanted me to step over to her house and baptize her baby. Her husband was a Catholic, but was not her husband till a few minutes before I left. I often catch them that way and make them marry. . . .

I stopped on the road and took dinner with a lively and intelligent Irish family. Here I got a contribution of five dollars—to help to build the new chapel of the Holy Face that I am trying to get up. . . .

We are having a bake oven, a new range with four places, two new boats and all sorts of improvements for the coming of the Scholastics. Father Walker has kindly invited me to accept an offer made to him to go up to Baltimore and come down with the Scholastics on a chartered steamer. As there will be music, and the trip made in the day time, I'll enjoy it immensely and will take my cornet mouthpiece along, for they make a fool of me by making me play "Araby's Daughter" as a solo and I'll have to brush up a new Negro song and

prepare a new story "of de old sow what had free pigs." This church of the Holy Face, built by Father Neale, has been replaced by a new building to the west and on higher ground, with a rectory dedicated to St. Francis Regis and a school of the Little Flower.

St. Inigoes. September 12, 1884. The two letters you sent I was glad to see; but took little satisfaction in seeing evidence that the family is destined to lose the faith entirely. It was a sad day for the descendants of the grand old Pye family that came out with flying colors from the terrible Protestant persecution of England, when they went to settle in a land where there was no Mass and no sacraments and no Catholic school.

While Father Mac is rebuilding the old church at Cornwallis Neck where the Pyes lie with their most Catholic coat of arms on their tombs, it is sad to know that the grandchildren of the saintly James Booth Pye are straying from the faith, intermarrying with heretics, and worse than heretics, with women who regard one Church as good as another. I see nothing cheerful in such marriages but a great deal to grieve over.

St. Inigoes. May 7, 1885. I expect to go on a little trip tomorrow. Mr. Edwin Coad comes over the river in a boat and I will take him in my buggy on my regular round; at 4:00 P.M. strike for Langley's, ten miles away, splendid old couple and two fine boys, on the bay shore. Talk about everything until twelve o'clock, for both are very learned men and splendid characters—may meet Col. Vannort and have some war talk. Beads out loud at night and spiritual reading by one of the boys. Mass next morning and all receive Communion—they receive every two weeks. We will feast on rock fish, snapping turtle, and a pudding that the old lady makes, and I declare that it is the finest in the world.

Saturday we start off ten more miles to Lucy's (Coad's daughter) and I drop him. I go back to the church of St. Nicholas, ring the big St. James bell, 1,120 pounds, and have my singing, catechism and confessions. Sunday, big crowd to confession five to ten, then Mass—singing by my darkies, baptisms, etc. Then away we go again, perhaps over the Patuxent to a town in Calvert

County, to let the people there make their Easter. Go over by sail boat and come back by steamer on Monday after Mass. Then Mr. Coad and I start off again and try to find an excuse for not going home any sooner than we can help.

St. Inigoes. July 31, 1885. I have been to Charles County since I wrote to you and you can imagine the emotion that came over me when I caught sight of the old steeple of St. Thomas. I took meals down in the old cellar. Chapel Point is a fine summer resort with two fine hotels. It was hard to realize where I was as I heard the bands of music and saw the crowds of people wandering over the plateau where there was once the old grave yard. The grave yard looks prettier up on the hilltop in front of the church.

Brief Excerpts

August 13. Woke at Glymont. Thought of mother and Father Stonestreet, who were both born there in my grandfather's house. Breakfast at Gonzaga with Fathers McGurk, B. A. Maguire, O'Connell, Brennan. Scholastics from the south on their way to Woodstock, at dinner. B. and O. Railroad by way of Point of Rocks. Arrived at Frederick late. John Eisenhower, Brent Matthews, Peter Howle's son on the train with us. Barry Smith takes his habit tomorrow. Negro whistlers on the street as of yore.

August 14. Struck by Father Pardow's points to the juniors. Toner giving retreat at the convent. Big Father McDonald's litanies very devout; splendid Benediction, Frank Connell at the organ.

August 15. At the convent to see Sister Agatha. Began retreat. Father Jerome Daugherty gone to take his last vows.

August 16. How De Wolf and Sourin come to mind when St. John's begins Mass! How I think of Taney Digges and Nace Saunders when the Frog-eye meeting house crowd begins to howl!

August 20. Mr. Robert Curran called and gave me a pipe and box of tobacco; Brother Ryder a fine pair of

shoes; Bausenwien the skull cap of Father Bapst; Brother Welch wire for springs of cornet.

August 21. Another big batch from West Park, novices.

August 23. Feast of Most Pure Heart of Mary. Ben Carroll, Fabian Gough, Charles Raley, from St. Mary's County, with four others took the Jesuit habit.

August 24. Left Frederick, and changed at Relay for Washington.

August 25. Train to Baltimore. Father McGurk has paid off all the ground rent on Loyola. Took the *Sue* and got off at Jone's wharf.

Jone's wharf, about a mile up St. Inigoes Creek from the villa and residence of St. Inigoes, later became known as Grason's wharf, when Senator Grason occupied the property.

St. Inigoes. October 16, 1888. My little school goes on well enough and the girls do all the singing in the new church of the Holy Face, even the High Mass. I keep everybody else out of the gallery. . . . We are just finishing St. Michael's new church and it is truly beautiful. It stands on a high hill over the Chesapeake, and its gilded cross, fifteen feet high, can be seen on the eastern shore. . . .

I went to give the last sacraments lately to an old man, eighty-six years old, who used to go to confession to Father Francis Neale. He had a likeness of Father Francis Neale, which I took away from him and have before me on my desk.

St. Michael's church at Ridge stands eighty feet above sea level and a fifteen-foot cross on top of the church could probably be seen from the eastern shore of the bay, fifteen miles distant, on a clear morning.

Last Years

Leaving St. Inigoes, Father Neale spent two years on the mission band and then about two years at Conewago. There are two letters written from Missoula, Montana, in 1892; one, dated 1893, from Gethsemani, Kentucky, without "S.J." after his name; and one, dated September 12, 1894, from Elmwood, near Chicago. There is nothing of special interest in these

last letters, nor any mention of leaving the Society. There are two photographs of Father Neale in the Georgetown Archives and Father Francis Barnum, S.J., who knew him personally, wrote the following notes on the back of the photographs.

> One of the most lovable of men, full of kindness and beloved by all the Province. Most zealous and full of sacrifice in the County missions, but all the time a little erratic. Around 1892 he started for Alaska, but got only as far as Spokane. His head evidently gave out, for he could not decide on any place. He drifted from the Society and finally died in a public hospital.
>
> All who knew him loved him for his sweet, sunny disposition and admired him for his self-sacrifice and devotion to his work. Some said harsh things afterwards and that he was not well balanced, but God's judgement is not as ours. One thoughtless deed led to another and so his last years were full of misery. His last end was as sad as sad could be. Poor dear old friend, God rest his troubled soul.
>
> F. B., S.J.

The official date of Father Neale's departure from the Society was May 26, 1893 and nothing more was heard of him until he was found in a hospital in Philadelphia. Father Noel was chaplain of the German hospital on Girard Avenue during the period 1901-1906. The late Father Mark Smith learned that one day, while Father Noel was making his rounds, he saw an unconscious, bearded man whose face seemed familiar, but he could not place him. He mentioned this to Father Jerome Daugherty; the latter went to the hospital and recognized Father James Pye Neale, but he died without regaining consciousness. We are left in ignorance of what vicissitudes he experienced after his last letter of 1894. Requiescat in pace!

WILLIAM C. REPETTI, S.J.

OBITUARY

FATHER WILLIAM J. BROSNAN

1864-1951

William Brosnan was born in New York City on November 27, 1864. A handsome young man of wealthy and cultured background, he graduated from St. Francis Xavier College and took a law degree at Columbia University before joining a prominent law firm in 1885. When required in his work as a lawyer to pursue a course of action which he considered to involve deceit and falsehood, young Brosnan refused and shortly after, under the guidance of his spiritual director, Father William Pardow, he entered the Society at Frederick, Maryland, on May 6, 1886. Father Archibald Tisdal, master of novices and rector during William Brosnan's first fifteen months there, spent long periods away from the novitiate because of ill health. In later years Father Brosnan, in one of his flashes of humor, used to say that he had been formed as a Jesuit principally by the public reading of pious books. This impressed him the more since as manuductor he was for a time, charged with arranging the details of noviceship life. At the end of August, 1887 the situation changed and Father Michael O'Kane became rector and master of novices.

William Brosnan's studies in the Society were not prolonged. He had a year of juniorate at Frederick, three years of philosophy and four of theology at Woodstock. Between philosophy and theology he had the five years of regency customary at the time. As a Scholastic Mr. Brosnan taught at Fordham and Xavier with marked success. He was kind, expansive, interested in the boys, their confidant and trusted friend. He never lost his fondness for these early pupils and to the end of his life rejoiced to talk about them and his association with them. Not long before his death, Father Brosnan told one of them that he had remembered him by name in every Mass he had ever said.

At Woodstock during Mr. Brosnan's time Father Pierre Racicot, Father Edward Boursaud, and Father Burchard Villiger were rectors. He had as professors, among others, Father William Brett, Father James L. Smith, Father Anthony Maas,

Father Patrick H. Casey, and Father Timothy Barrett. Mr. Brosnan was beadle of the philosophers. It was at Woodstock that his aptiude for metaphysical reasoning made itself evident. No doubt his legal studies had their share in shaping the development of this special talent.

Father Brosnan was ordained on June 28, 1900 at Woodstock by Cardinal Gibbons, and made his tertianship under Father Henry Moeller at Florissant, Missouri, 1901-1902. Although details are lacking, it is known that Father Brosnan's third year influenced him profoundly. He pronounced his last vows on August 15, 1903.

Father William Brosnan taught philosophy to Ours from 1902 to 1944—more than forty years, a feat unparalleled in the Eastern United States Provinces of the Society except by the even longer career of his brother, Father John Brosnan, as a professor of various sciences at Woodstock. From 1902 to 1906 Father William taught logic and general metaphysics to the first-year philosophers; from 1906 to 1909, cosmology and inferior psychology to second-year philosophers; from 1909 to 1912, rational psychology and natural theology to the third-year men. From 1912 to 1944 he taught natural theology. All these years were spent at Woodstock except for three, 1925-1928, when the philosophical faculty of Woodstock was transferred temporarily to Weston, Massachusetts. Father Brosnan is listed as professor of the history of philosophy during the year 1912-1913. For twelve years (1921-1925, 1930-1938) he was consultor to the rector of Woodstock.

The life of Father Brosnan, once he was appointed to teach Ours, fell into a very definite pattern. He had been given work to do for God and he had no thought but to accomplish his task as perfectly as possible. He was to teach philosophy to young Jesuits, and he made it his object to fulfill this duty perfectly. Eventually, as we have seen, he was assigned the task of teaching natural theology. This became his one absorbing interest. All other concerns were dwarfed by his study of the Divine Being as far as It is knowable by human reason. His life's work was the task of instilling his own knowledge into the minds of his pupils.

No one who did not know Father Brosnan intimately could

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possibly understand how his brilliant mind could have centered itself so exclusively on this single subject. But to one who knew him well, it was inevitable that it should be so. He was a man of profound obedience, and accordingly he obeyed orders. He was completely dedicated to God, and he found the study of God deeply satisfying. Rapidly realizing that atheism and the alarming growth of religious indifferentism were menacing the very existence of God's Kingdom, Father Brosnan devoted the best years of his life to safeguarding its foundations. For over thirty years he studied and taught his beloved specialty, at Woodstock and in summer schools, in Latin and in English. He remodeled, recast, improved his proofs, explanations, and answers to difficulties, until he arrived at the exact phraseology that conveyed his thought. He was now an authority in his field, immersed in it as much as any specialized scientist.

As a teacher Father Brosnan was not so much concerned with provoking and stimulating independent investigation as with imparting exact knowledge. He was convinced that it was far more important to provide his students with the truth than to acquaint them with modern errors. Father Brosnan accomplished his purpose, but it is difficult to imagine the dogged persistence with which for so many years he kept so unrelentingly at his task and the inexorability with which he demanded that the students should give an exact account of what he had taught. This latter trait made him, of course, unacceptable to some. But Father Brosnan's single-mindedness came from conviction. He lived and died with steady deliberation. The things that were pleasing to God he did always.

Father Brosnan's *Institutiones Theologiae Naturalis* were printed by the Woodstock College Press in 1919 and published by the Loyola University Press (Chicago) in 1921. The book was quite generally praised by reviewers as a model textbook, distinguished by brevity and clarity. It was also pointed out that the collateral apparatus of American and English opinion on the subject, which the author had assembled, was unique in works of the kind. Father Brosnan had introduced contemporary Scholasticism to American and English thought on theodicy. Some reviewers found that he

had not taken like advantage of the resources of contemporary Scholasticism and had notably neglected Dominican thinkers. Perhaps this was inevitable in one whose approach was frankly and uncompromisingly molinistic. Father Brosnan preferred in general to omit Scholastic disputes altogether or simply to give his own view.

In the course of time Father Brosnan's *Institutiones* appeared in English in three compact volumes entitled *God and Reason* (1924), *God Infinite and Reason* (1928), and *God Infinite, the World and Reason* (1943). The reactions of reviewers to these works followed the same general lines as in the case of the Latin work. His clarity and brevity and his knowledge of American and English thought were again extolled. Once more it was pointed out that Scholastic controversies had been restrained. All were of the opinion that Father Brosnan was at his best in handling the problem of God's Providence and the problem of evil. On that subject he had said all that could be said from the viewpoint of unaided reason. Father Brosnan's books sold well; so well, indeed, that the author projected a second edition. It was a sorrow for him to find that his publishers, although willing enough, could not fit the new edition into a program which had to be curtailed because of wartime shortages.

Father Brosnan's absorption in the thought of God, as far as He can be known by reason alone, led to and was accompanied by his interest in God as portrayed in revelation. This was inevitable in a Jesuit, especially one on the staff at Woodstock, and in one who was charged with teaching the most important part of the "handmaid of theology." But his interest in revelation seems to have been ascetic rather than dogmatic.

His own appreciation of the majesty of God made him strictly observant of the divine good pleasure. Common life and community interests were his guiding stars. His self-control was rigid. He had promised to keep the rules, and he did so with an inflexibility that knew no respite. It was the same in his order of the day. He attended evening recreation even when he was very old and in pain. Having to retire early, he left the recreation room precisely at twenty-two minutes after seven; he made his preparation for the morning medi-

tation and examination of conscience without fail. Similarly he rose earlier than the community. He always took the same place at table and at recreation. He visited the cemetery and prayed for the dead always at the same time; and the same hour found him each day making the Way of the Cross. Although in later years he could not join the community in the recitation of the Litanies, they were read by him privately and at a fixed time. In everything his life was planned even to details and was never directed by impulse. His service of God was never left to chance. His was an orderly life, carefully arranged and rigidly observed. What he did seemed always the result of a deliberate act of the will. The mortification implied in this is really frightening. He had found the best way for himself personally to serve God and he followed it, no matter what the cost. It was a lonely life, but a life lived courageously for God. The domination of his every act by will power was his most prominent characteristic. At the same time it was quite obvious that this exactitude was not something he imposed on himself, but something that flowered out of his closeness to God.

A great disappointment in Father Brosnan's life was his inability during most of his priestly career to give retreats. He had studied the Spiritual Exercises with close attention and had labored tirelessly at expressing exactly their lofty ideals. He was never satisfied with the results attained but was constantly improving his meditations and conferences. He had learned much about the service of God and, in the early years of his priesthood, found great joy and no little success in imparting to others the secrets which were his. However after some years he contracted an incurable malady which caused a pronounced and continual shaking of his hands. This made it difficult, at times impossible, for him to give Holy Communion to others. He could not therefore conduct a retreat unless he had another priest with him to distribute Communion. In the beginning of his illness he was able to secure this assistance, but eventually it became very difficult to find a priest who was free. In his last days Father Brosnan no longer gave retreats, to his extreme regret. This was one of the greatest sorrows of his life. He did not however cease to strive to make men love God as He deserves to

be loved. He continued to work on his retreat and at the very end of his life was preparing it for publication. This chronic illness also prevented him from saying Mass in public and preaching sermons. But this exclusion from the public work of the ministry led him to concentrate more and more on the interior life and upon close union with God.

His physical disability was further increased by an injury to his knee which made walking very difficult. As a consequence he was excluded from many forms of recreation, employment, and spiritual activity for which he was eminently qualified, and also from companionship with fellow Jesuits. His life necessarily became solitary but as he visited less with men he walked more with God. He was not naturally an aloof sort of a person but rather a companionable man and good conversationalist. Circumstances however modified his way of living.

Towards the end of his life Father Brosnan, growing old in the midst of a relatively young faculty, became very much of a recluse. He was too feeble to teach, he had outlived almost all his old friends, to whom his loyalty had ever been absolute, and he found it hard to make new ones. The sphere of his interests narrowed perceptibly; and although he still tried to keep abreast of what was going on in the world, this concern was perhaps more fictitious than real. As a consequence he withdrew more and more into himself and apart from the community. This isolation, this lack of companionship accentuated the nervous irritability from which he had been a lifelong sufferer, and of which he was painfully and regretfully conscious. Any deviation from regular routine tended to upset him. The weight of the years pressed ever more heavily upon him, and he came to realize with increasingly painful experience that for extreme old age medicines are no tonic whatever. Nevertheless soldier that he was, he would permit himself no relaxation. With minor exceptions he followed the community life to within a few days of his death and if the stern hold he kept on himself gave him a somewhat forbidding exterior, it did not hide from anyone that Father Brosnan was a man of great courage and patience, wholeheartedly dedicated to Jesuit ideals, full of the love of God and of true devotion to Our Lord and Our Lady.

No one doubted that Father Brosnan was a holy man, heroic in devotion to duty, heroic in endurance, heroic in spiritual combat. Being naturally somewhat reticent about his own affairs, he kept the secret of the King. All indeed were conscious of his intense spiritual life, but few, if any, penetrated beyond the outer portals. About him there was an atmosphere of the deeply spiritual priest, totally supernatural in outlook, of one who had seen the truth and at great cost to himself was living it as it was given him to see it. In his last years he seemed to be marching forward, resolutely to keep his rendezvous with death. He was utterly unworldly and was determined that nothing should keep him or deflect him from the path on which he had set his feet. His face was set towards Jerusalem, the heavenly Jerusalem, and he gave the impression of one who found the way long and difficult, but would march on or stumble on with grim determination to the very end.

His end mirrored the rest of his life. He died as he had lived, according to plan. He was not surprised or caught unprepared. He was not afraid. God asked him to die. He acquiesced wholly in the divine will. When after sixty-five years spent in the Society he came to his last illness, he did not depart from his lifelong manner of action. He asked the Brother Infirmarian if he was in danger of death. The answer was in the affirmative. Then he put another question, "Is there any hope of recovery?" This time the Brother answered, "No." Accordingly Father Brosnan set about the business of dying. He submitted graciously to the kindly ministrations of others, he took nourishment and medicine when they were offered to him. But he seemed to have lost interest in all things earthly. After he had received the last sacraments, without visible sign of emotion he made his thanksgiving, and from that time maintained an unbroken silence. He seemed to have said farewell to life and to have begun his final preparation to meet God.

With some few exceptions those who visited him during the three days of his last illness received no sign of recognition. He lay with his eyes closed. This was due in part to the growing congestion in his lungs; yet when the Brother asked him if he knew him, he answered, "Yes." But he said

no unnecessary word. He gave no sign of impatience or of pain. He did not complain or moan, and it was difficult to know whether he was conscious or not. The doctor did not want him to be disturbed and said that complete rest was imperative. And so Father Brosnan lay on his death bed in the midst of self-imposed solitude until he breathed his last. Quietly, without trouble to anyone, in full conformity to the divine will, he went home to the Lord and Master whom he had served so long and so well. It was April 22, 1951. May he rest in peace.

J. Harding Fisher, S.J.

FATHER WALTER W. MILLS

1898-1952

This age of ours, for which Sorokin's scalding epithet "sensate" seems to be the only adequate adjective, has seen much analysis but little understanding of pain. Literature explores the snake-pit of insanity, the weird world of alcoholism, the subliminal sewers of unmentionable aberration: medicine's lamps are peering feebly through the crepuscular lands of the psychosomatic and science has exhausted its ingenuity in inventing analgesics. But for all this, the sum total of man's real knowledge of pain is scarcely more impressive than the maunderings of Dolly Winthrop, on this involved topic, in *Silas Marner*. The reason would seem to be that the typically modern man has lost the old concept of pain as a sacramental mystery, a participation in the Passion, a means whereby the member can become more like his thorn-crowned Head. In the Christian scheme of things pain was not merely to be anesthetized but canonized; it was not only a cause of misery but a chance for merit; saints prayed for it and received it with resignation and even rejoicing in the dear, ingenuous days before aspirin so largely supplanted aspiration.

These thoughts are evoked by the death of Father Walter Mills who, after more than thirty bed-ridden years in hospi-

tals, sanataria, and houses of the Society, died on June 27, 1952. There are many people born sickly and weak; suffering hag-rides them all their lives; illness with them is not an interlude but a career, not a distressing parenthesis but the very thesis of their days. They never knew the boisterous vitality of full health, the velvet exhaustion from exertion which so readily melts into rest, the satisfaction of coordinated muscular effort. Theirs is a difficult lot but far more onerous still is the fate of the man who is suddenly reduced from exuberant health to helplessness. To all his other aches such an individual adds that exquisite agony which is the pain of loss. Such was Father Mills.

Born December 4, 1898 in East Boston, of Lawrence and Mary Mills who had come out from Cork, he was the youngest of eight brothers and two sisters. He attended Assumption School, was an enthusiastic swimmer and boater at Jeffries Point, and even then was loved and admired by his young companions because of his athletic prowess and natural leadership. The family moved to Dorchester in 1909 and Walter completed his primary education at Westville School in 1913. He continued his education at Boston Latin High School and finished the traditionally excellent and difficult course there with honors in June, 1916. While he was in high school, he played regular third base on a team which had the future big-leaguer, Fred Maguire, at second. Here, too, his contemporaries testify, he was most popular with his schoolmates; nor was it the easy popularity bought at the price of principle because even then coming events were casting their shadows and Walter was a boy unshakably Catholic, outspokenly contemptuous of anything unclean. After school he would always help his mother with the innumerable chores that devolved on the mother of a large family before going out to Fields Corner for the baseball or football he liked so well.

The next year at Boston College he was strongly influenced by Father de Butler, and at the end of his freshman year he left for the novitiate at Poughkeepsie. Splendidly proportioned, an athlete of superior ability who could stroke a ball with major league authoritativeness or drop-kick forty-five yards, he was also well equipped intellectually for the work of the Society, and as a novice he must have seemed to be the

ideally rounded candidate. His was always a masculine and attractive disposition, illuminated by a ready wit, warm companionableness and the ability to philosophize in that denim, homespun way which, in the New England idiom, has come to be characterized by the phrase "cracker-barrel" wisdom. Not that he was a bloodless, cardboard silhouette of sanctity. He was quick to notice the faults of others and, at first, to comment on them; but as he matured in charitableness he came more and more to reserve his critical acumen for the consideration of his own faults. Well-balanced, generous, spiritually susceptible, he completed the first four years of his course. Life was an exciting prospect to Mister Mills when he went to the newly completed Weston College for his philosophy. Then, in his second year, the dread tuberculosis which was to dog the rest of his days, struck; and for three years he spent his second noviceship of suffering in a sanatarium.

Hope returned however, and for a year Mr. Mills taught at Holy Cross College and entered theology in 1927. One of his classmates tells about the sad day when he knocked and entered Mr. Mills' room to find him staring wide-eyed at a crucifix he held in his hand. To the classmate's inquiry, Mister Mills replied that he had just gotten word that he must return to the sanatarium and, at that point, his vocation within a vocation actually began. Years afterwards another of his classmates asked him how he had been able to endure so patiently the years of inactivity and suffering. Father Mills mentioned the scholastic distinction between God's permissive and directive will. Some physical evils God permits through the simple operation of natural laws, as when a man falls into a hole and breaks his leg. "But," he added, "there is also human suffering which is, so to speak, the result of God's directive will. There are certain souls He elects for suffering and I know that I was so chosen. I cannot tell you how happy I am in this: for me, God's will is right in this sickness, this bed, this room."

Everything was taken from him. His magnificent physique began to wither, surgery collapsed one side of his chest; his arms—and he once ruefully but humorously confessed to this writer that he had been proud of them in the days of his

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youth, the days of his glory—shrivelled. But all this while his heart grew and the soul-sculpture of grace was forming Christ to full stature within him. As François Mauriac wrote of Charles du Bos: "He was aided by illness; or rather he knew how to extract advantage from illness, by dint of courage and renunciation. For illness alone does not help; contrary to what Pascal writes, it is not the natural state of the Christian; it does not predispose us to the Christian life, it inclines us on the contrary to think only of our own body, and makes us prisoner to physiological phenomena . . . When the invalid succeeds in making the illness the auxiliary of grace—then it becomes a short cut to God." It is true that a sick person can become introverted, egocentric, self-pitying; he can make horizons out of his own eye-lids and live within his own mind which to him becomes less a kingdom than a squirrel-cage. Sickness, on the other hand, widened Father Mills' vision; visitors were constantly amazed at his interest in their work, the work of the Province and the whole Society, all of which he so faithfully subsidized with his prayers. On only one subject was he reticent and that was himself. He would prefer to dismiss any discussion of his own condition with a light reference to the nine holes he had played that day or the vigor with which "he was hitting them."

Little did the stalwart, young Mister Mills, making his retreats long ago, realize that someday he would jest about his poor, broken body. Little did he realize how God would specify for him the oblation of the Kingdom, the Two Standards, the Third Mode of love which he spoke so confidently in his first long retreat; how literally Divine Love would take his own profession of human love as he made it in the vow formula. Yet God strengthens the shoulder to which He fits the cross, and as Walter Mills' body grew weaker his soul waxed valiant. Even the doctors, primarily interested in his physical condition, could appreciate the terrific internal and spiritual drama which was the core of his life. One of them who cared for him at Saranac, writing to the Rector of Weston, after Father Mills' death declared: "I have just heard of the death of Father Mills. I want to express to you my sincere sympathy over his going. I had a wonderful letter from him in Feb-

ruary, 1951 in which I learned anew of his sublime resignation to the cross he had to bear for so many years."

In the long hours of introspection and loneliness he codified his ideals and expressed them after years of thought into an offering which he renewed daily. It is such an intimate revelation of a soul that, although the writer had Father Mills' permission to use it, he still feels that it is almost intrusive to eavesdrop on a man's direct conversation with Our Lord. On the other hand, it would be an unwarranted suppression which would deprive Father Mills' survivors of the inspiration and edification they would undoubtedly receive. The offering is rather lengthy since it recounts and reconsecrates all of the activities and reactions of a sick person; but perhaps some excerpts will indicate the scope and spirit of the whole document. After a brief and luminous apostrophe to Our Lady, Father addresses the Divine Master Himself:

> Dear Jesus, through the hands of your Blessed Mother, I offer you my desires:
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> To love You with a consuming love to the point of utter annihilation.
>
> To lead a life of unquestioning Faith, seeing Your holy will in everything that happens in my life.
>
> To lead a life of perfect trust in You.
>
> To surrender myself completely and unconditionally to You. . . .
>
> I offer You my desire to lead a life of severe penance for a thousand years for my own and others' sins and ingratitude. . . . I give You my will, believing it is Your holy and blessed will that I be sick and I offer my heart with its desire to love You, my body and soul for You to dispose of as You see fit, my every thought, word and action today and for the remainder of my life, my sickness and what I will endure as a result of it, in body, mind and soul, everything that is hard, disagreeable, painful and humiliating in body, mind and soul. I offer You the confinement, the duration, the loneliness, the obscurity, the monotony of my sickness, the being taken for granted and being in a state of chronic dependence and all that implies.

In great detail this extraordinary spiritual testament goes on to list all that Father was able to offer to God: his sensitiveness, his self-love and the agony it cost him, his anxieties about the past, his fears of the future. The purpose of the offering was essentially reparative:

I offer You all this, dear Jesus, in reparation and expiation to Your infinitely loving and lovable Heart for the ingratitude, coldness and indifference of all mankind; and for the insults and offenses heaped upon Your tender and loving Heart by mankind in general, especially by those whose lives are consecrated to You.

I offer it for the conversion of the leading Communists of the world, the conversion of the Russian people. . . . for the spiritual and physical well-being of all missionaries, for the fruitfulness of their labors and for temporal blessings on all the missions throughout the world, especially Jesuit missionaries . . . for the temporal and spiritual welfare of Weston and all its members, that they may each be more holy and more learned, the learning to be used entirely for You.

Lastly for the salvation of wayward, fallen and sinful priests. I unite this offering, dear Jesus, with Your sufferings on the Cross as I am privileged to do as a member of the Mystical Body and I place it in the wound of Your Sacred Heart, where I beg You, according to Your promise, to make it fruitful, perfect, and selfless.

When one glimpses, from these fragmentary quotations, a soul that fragrant, it is not surprising that one of Father Mills' classmates should write, telling about a soul-shattering grace which he received shortly after Father Mills' death. Though not a strictly mystical grace he says, "it was so unexpected and so far above anything I could have deserved or won by the merits of my past religious life that I am more or less convinced Father Mills' intercession had a lot to do with it."

In that letter also you have an intimation of the respect and affection with which all who knew him regarded Father Mills. It was a great grace to have known him; his memory will be forever a flame and a flag; his life was a rebuke to all of us who confuse action with achievement, motion with progress; in the long years of his suffering he wrote in deed a gloss on the patristic sentiment that it is not hard to give up what one has but very difficult to give up what one is. May he rest in peace.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J.

Books of Interest to Ours

THINKING WITH THE CHURCH

The Catholic Mind Through Fifty Years. *Edited by Benjamin L. Masse, S.J.* New York, America Press, 1952. Pp. xxii-681. $5.00.

The Catholic Mind is by no means the least significant of the many farsighted projects launched by the late John J. Wynne, S.J., in the service of the Catholic Church in America. This publication has several times changed its format since its inception in 1903 (the most radical change is that a single issue now contains a dozen or more articles, whereas prior to 1915 it was restricted to one); but the most characteristic of its original intentions, to reprint from other sources articles representing contemporary Catholic thought, has been preserved. This policy, in an age of digests and picture magazines, gives *The Catholic Mind* its distinctive position among Catholic publications today.

It is a policy, moreover, that might lead one to expect that the fifty year anniversary volume edited by Benjamin L. Masse, S.J., would illustrate the unfolding of American Catholic thought on specific topics though the past half century. But such is not the case. Paging through the 104 articles which the editor has judged worthy of preserving in this more permanent form, the reader grows suspicious that the title of the book is a misnomer. A little computation confirms the suspicion: the first decade of publication is represented by no articles; the second by 7; the third and fourth by 12 apiece; and the fifth (coinciding, incidentally, with the editorship of the compiler) by no less than 71.

These statistics are not presented by way of adverse criticism. There is, it would seem, good reason for this disproportionate emphasis on recent times. For if Father Masse has really gleaned the golden grains from the period prior to 1930, then he is to be thanked for having spared the reader more of the same. Their almost invariable effect is to dull an appetite that has been whetted by the more fruitful years.

Why this poverty of material from the early years? Is it that the magazine failed for so long a time to fulfill Father Wynne's announced aim of printing "the best" in Catholic thought? Perhaps. But one suspects a more plausible answer—that in those dim years before the Great Depression "the best" was simply not good enough to meet Father Wynne's correlative aim of printing only what was of "permanent value." If this be the case, then along with the New Deal, the decade of the thirties ushered in a renascence in American Catholic thought that has been far-reaching indeed. For the existence and richness of such a renascence, the present volume gives eloquent testimony.

The priest seeking source material for sermons and lectures, the layman hunting out the Catholic outlook on particular problems of our day, and all Catholics incurably addicted to the devouring of magazine articles will be grateful to Father Masse for the work that went into the preparation of this volume. On a few topics the selections are inade-

quate—the Catholic mind on education, for example, is hardly represented by the few entries given under this heading; and Catholic scientists will chafe at the smattering of platitudes assigned to their subject (with one exception: *Some Limitations of Science* by Thomas E. Murray, which should be required reading for all science majors). But these sections are more than compensated for by the treatments given to the liturgy, the Catholic press, human rights, and labor relations. In the midst of such abundant harvest, however, one is hard put to point out the best.

Although poorly bound, the volume is handsomely printed and has an adequate index.

JOSEPH V. LANDY, S.J.

The Church and Modern Science. Evolution of the Human Body. *By Cyril Vollert, S.J.*; Modern Science and the Existence of God. *By Pope Pius XII.* New York, America, 1952. Pp. 48. $.25.

This booklet should be of interest to the natural scientist, philosopher, and theologian. In the first article, a reprint from the Proceedings of the Sixth Annual Convention of the Catholic Theological Society of America, Father Vollert summarizes the fossil evidence that bears on the evolution of the human body: first, the group known as Australopithecus; secondly, the "pre-humans," Pithecanthropus and Sinanthropus; thirdly, Neanderthal man; fourthly, a number of other forms that are harder to classify. Two texts from Genesis (1/27; 2/7) are cited and discussed in relation to an evolutionist interpretation. The mind of the Magisterium is expressed in quotations from the 1941 allocution to the Pontifical Academy of Science, and in the encyclical *Humani generis.* A philosophical discussion follows in a section entitled: *Causality and Human Evolution.* After citing St. Thomas' description of the first man commonly proposed by theology, Father Vollert then summarizes four theories that have been designed to reconcile faith or theology with the probable conclusions of anthropology and paleontology: the regression theory; the *homo faber* theory; the theory of pre-Adamites in a state of pure nature; and a reconsideration of original man's natural perfection. The article concludes with a possible clue to the solution of this complex problem of human origins.

In the second article, the address of the Holy Father to the Pontifical Academy of Science, November 22, 1951, the importance of modern science for the argument for the existence of God based on the mutability of the cosmos and on the teleological order which stands out in every corner of the macrocosm and microcosm, is presented in summary fashion by Pope Pius XII. The discoveries made by astronomers and nuclear physicists within recent years have contributed towards strengthening two of the classical proofs of St. Thomas for the existence of God.

JAMES A. MCKEOUGH, S.J.

GREAT AMERICANS

Benjamin Harrison: Hoosier Warrior. *By Harry J. Sievers, S.J.* Chicago, Henry Regnery Company, 1952. Pp. xxi-331. $5.00.

The name of President Benjamin Harrison strikes no responsive chord in our memory of the past presidents of the United States. This man whose term came between the two terms of Grover Cleveland, is overshadowed in history by such figures as Cleveland, Garfield, Beveridge, Blaine, and others. Harrison's short, almost accidental, term of office excites little curiosity about the man, mainly because there was so little to arouse curiosity. Lacking a worthy biography, he has remained up to the present the honest, capable yet rather austere and distant man of the textbooks. The first volume of Father Harry Sievers' biography of Harrison erases that picture and in its place portrays for us a sincere, hard-working, deeply Christian man of warm affections and fine qualities of leadership. This biography should rank as the definitive life of a definitely great American.

While completing his doctoral work as a Scholastic at Georgetown, Father Sievers, in search for a dissertation topic, contemplated a monograph on the presidential election of 1892. This led to research in the Harrison Papers in the Library of Congress. The gathering of more materials for the project led to archives in Indiana, Harrison's home state, and especially to the Benjamin Harrison Memorial Home in Indianapolis. It was here that Father Sievers came in contact with the Arthur Jordan Foundation. This philanthropic foundation has taken an interest in the home of the ex-President and has been restoring it, as well as collecting materials of biographic interest.

Since Father Sievers' projected dissertation would necessarily include a review of Harrison's life and administration, he asked the executors of the fund if they would be interested in publishing his monograph. After some correspondence, they responded by requesting him to undertake a biography of this, the twenty-third President. All past attempts to do so had failed, for one reason or another. Father Sievers undertook the work in 1949. Making use of the Library of Congress collection of over forty thousand pieces, the Indiana collections and many other monographs and unpublished manuscripts, Father has produced the first volume of a very scholarly and readable book.

This present volume is concerned with Harrison's rise from frontier boyhood in Ohio to political figure in Indiana and Brigadier-General at the Grand Army review which brought the Civil War to a close. A self-made man in many respects, Harrison graduated from Miami College in Ohio in 1853. One of his classmates was the famous Harmar Denny, who was later converted in England, and, entering the Society, labored as a priest in the Maryland-New York province. Harrison himself was a Presbyterian with rather severe religious convictions, yet also with an inspiring faith and trust in God and prayer, as appears frequently in his personal letters to his wife. Like many a pioneer lad

he took readily to politics. Even in these early years his political capabilities and influence were making themselves felt; and they continued to be felt during the war when he served with the Indiana Volunteers.

Father Sievers has done excellent work in thawing out this hitherto cold, severe "curmudgeon" of the White House. With an understanding pen he has traced the tender heart and sensitive soul that was Benjamin Harrison. It will be interesting to follow the Hoosier Warrior through his years of political prominence in the forthcoming volume of this pre-eminent piece of historical scholarship.

William H. Osterle, S.J.

The Life of James Cardinal Gibbons. *By John Tracy Ellis.* Milwaukee, Bruce, 1952. 2 vols. Pp. 1442. $17.50.

A truly remarkable American-Catholic churchman has been given his due. In the more than fourteen hundred pages of these two volumes, Father John Tracy Ellis, professor of American Church History in the Catholic University of America, has illuminated the many facets of the career and character of Cardinal Gibbons. Yet these pages do more than recount a biography; they depict large segments of the Church's American story. For during a major portion of his eighty-six years, James Gibbons played a dominant rôle in the drama surrounding the struggling years of the growth of the Catholic Church in the United States.

Doctor Ellis' painstaking scholarship has produced a work which will be a valued source book and model for many future biographers and historians as more of the life of the Church in America is retold. This is not a popular book, but neither is it one which will appeal only to those professionally concerned about the Cardinal of Baltimore and the Church in America. The author's engaging, unadorned style, coupled with the uncommon achievements of Gibbons' life, should be sufficient to command the attention of any mature reader.

This is not to pronounce the biography flawless; it is not. And the most disturbing blemish is that the spark of life flashes out so seldom in the whole two volumes. Except for a few momentary vital contacts with the charming personality of the Cardinal, the reader might well conclude that he knows all about the man but has not had the pleasure of meeting him personally. That is quite unfortunate, for possibly the most remarkable thing about Cardinal Gibbons was the magnetizing impact of his personality on those who met and dealt with him.

One might regret, too, that Doctor Ellis chose to treat of nationalism, secret societies, the Knights of Labor, and the school controversy in separate chapters, although Gibbons met those issues at approximately the same time. The author's choice does untangle a complex situation; it makes for a clearer understanding of the individual issues; but it does

not bring the reader face to face with the compound problems which confronted the Cardinal during the latter portion of the nineteenth century. In other chapters this same procedure of dealing with units leads the author into inevitable repetitions.

Other strictures might be made, but they are minor and cannot dull the excellence of Father Ellis' work. This is a good biography of the man who, during the most critical era of American Church history, demonstrated to the United States and the world that a Catholic prelate could be both deeply devoted to his Church and intensely enamored of the American way of life. It is a story well worth reading.

JOSEPH D. AYD, S.J.

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